

COUNTRY·LIFE

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By Velasquez. Paint. Museum.*



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COUNTRY LIFE

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THE PHRASE "GOOD HUSBANDRY"

A WELL known agricultural writer, who is also a good farmer, has raised a question as to the meaning of the phrase "good husbandry," in the Agricultural Bill. He goes so far as to say that the success or failure of the measure will depend in a vital sense on the interpretation of the words. The phrase is old and familiar, but surely the writer to whom we refer is placing too much importance on it. If he had said "the success or failure of the Bill will depend on the tact and sense exercised by the County Committees" he would have been more correct. It is they who, in the first place, will have to say what "good husbandry" is. But no useful purpose can be served by endeavouring to give the words an exact and rigorous meaning. It would be far better for each committee to instruct its officials to judge the farming by

its results—which is clearly the intention of the framers of the Bill. The farmer, on his part, is very touchy about interference with his control. He talks of himself commonly as a practical man and not a theorist, and he resents being schooled even by the most profound and scientific student. On the other hand, the general results of British farming are not at the present satisfactory, but the very opposite. The total amount of food raised in this country is not anything like so large as it should be, or as it must be if we are to take prudent measures of precaution against ever coming into such a critical position as we were in during the war. Mr. Lloyd George, in denouncing the shortcomings of our food production, said, as we quoted last week, that it was "national weakness, folly and scandal" that five hundred million pounds' worth of food, which could be produced here, should be imported.

Now, the country is not going to raise the stupendous addition to its usual crops implied here by an easy interpretation of "good husbandry." It will take the very best husbandry and the most energetic devotion to farming to bring about the improvement needed. Yet, who denies that in these figures the ideal that should be attained is clearly set forth? The County Committee will have to see in the first place that there is no gross neglect on the part of the farmer. The latter must recognise that he owes a responsibility to the country as well as to his own pocket; though, as a matter of fact, the two things will go together. The more food he produces for the country the greater will be his own reward.

In practice there was not, during the war, very much friction between the County Committee and the farmer. On the contrary, the latter got to like the Committee. For one reason it had a local habitation and a name. The cultivator who met with a difficulty, and did not know how to solve it, seldom applied in the old days to the Board of Agriculture. He was not accustomed to the ways of that office and did not relish the fact that his letter had to be acknowledged, passed round, and so on, before action was taken. He could, however, call in at the office of the County Committee and see an expert who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, was able to tell him as much as anyone could have done at Whitehall; and he got his answer on the spot, which was a very great advantage. For one thing, it enabled him to question his instructor until the matter was made perfectly clear. Thus only matters that were very difficult or obscure were sent up to the Central Office; most of them were settled in the county town. We have no doubt that the Committees will try as well as they can to work on these lines in the future. A great deal of bad husbandry is due simply to ignorance, and young farmers, at any rate, are very ready to take instruction from those qualified to give it.

The moral of all this is that Committee and farmer alike should strain in every way to achieve a substantial reduction of that bill which we have to pay for food produced outside this country. This would mean, among other things, that the standard of good husbandry would have to be gradually raised. We know that Rome was not built in a day, and it would be hopeless to expect a revolution in method in the course of one year or two years; but one hopes that the husbandry which is considered good to-day will be thought only moderate five or six years hence and that every effort will be put forth to develop the infinite capacity of the soil. The farmer cannot any longer regard his work of cultivation as a matter that concerns himself alone. In accepting a guarantee from the Government in regard to the prices of his produce he is at the same time acknowledging a great increase of responsibility. The return he makes for a guarantee must be increased production from the land.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Queen of Norway forms the frontispiece of the Christmas Number of COUNTRY LIFE. November 26th was Her Majesty's birthday, and this photograph was taken two days earlier, at Sandringham, for that occasion.



COUNTRYNOTES

IT has always been regarded as unfortunate that, though London possesses an incomparable collection of historical documents and books, the London University lacks a centre for the study of advanced history. This blank is about to be filled through the generosity of a benefactor who wishes to remain, for the present, at least, anonymous. He has given twenty thousand pounds for the construction of such a centre and four thousand pounds has been provided from other sources, and only another six thousand is needed to complete the financial equipment. Before the war historical students were attracted to Germany, with the result that a German atmosphere was being created in foreign universities and other seats of learning. But if the present project is carried out, London ought easily to supplant Germany, because nowhere in the world is there so much authoritative first-hand material to be found as in the capital of the British Empire. It has been decided to erect the institute in Malet Street, Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, on a site to be presented by the Board of Education, which has taken a keen interest in the scheme. Dr. Russell Wells, Vice-Chancellor of the London University, who recently carried through a great scheme for commercial education which necessitated the raising of a large sum of money, is to be congratulated on the success of his further efforts to extend the scope and usefulness of the University.

THE county of Surrey in general and Reigate in particular has been very fortunate in the way of obtaining gifts of open country. The latest is one of the most valuable and beautiful. The gift in question is that of Reigate Park, with an area of about one hundred and fifty acres. It has been purchased from Mr. Somers Somerset by Mr. and Mrs. Randal-Vogan for £15,000. The estate consists mainly of a piece of high ground a mile in length and four hundred feet in altitude. A ridge of green sward runs along the top, and the slopes are very finely wooded. In mediæval times it formed part of a large deer park, but in 1635 it was disimparted by Lord Monson, who cut down most of the timber then growing. Sufficient time has elapsed, however, for the growth of the present trees. Very fine views can be obtained from the ridge extending as far as the North Downs on the north, the Kentish hills and woods to the east, and to the south the wealds of Surrey and Sussex stretching away towards the region of the South Downs. It will be seen that Reigate has thus obtained a new open space which may fairly be compared with the gift of Box Hill to the nation by the late Mr. Leopold Salomons. The town already possesses some six hundred acres of open space made up of Colley Hill, Reigate Heath, Redhill Common and a portion of Reigate Hill, which Sir Jeremiah Colman gave the town some years ago.

THERE are few institutions in London so thoroughly deserving of support as the London Library. It is what Thomas Carlyle called it at the beginning, "a

University for such as work with the pen." But it is no longer large enough for the books that keep on accumulating there year after year and, we may say, generation after generation. Hence the need for taking in hand the extension which was begun before the war and has been in abeyance for the last six years. The great obstacle to carrying it out is the expense, and any rich man who could afford it by providing the funds would carve a name for himself in history and lay the entire brotherhood of letters under a great obligation. Dr. Hagberg Wright, the well known librarian, somewhat plaintively told an interviewer last week that the millionaire who supports a good institution is much scarcer here than in America. "While we have good legacies of books," he added, "it is a most extraordinary thing that the library has never had one legacy of a thousand pounds." Perhaps the cynic might draw the inference that those who use the library most are poor scholars, while those who make most money out of what they call literature never by any chance enter the doors of a library.

HACKING HOME.

When your homing car-loads swing
Past us down the crisping lanes,
And your dazzling headlights fling
Snow-white roses on our reins,
Would we take your sheltered flight,
Would we take your cushioned ease,
For the wide and scented night
And the horse between our knees?

Breezes that your wheels o'erleap
Whisper round us as we ride;
Ours the star-bedusted deep
That your misted windows hide;
And, while speed may waft you soon
To your halls of warmth and light,
Is not ours the magic moon
Spilling silver from the night?

WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE economic situation in this country looks almost paradoxical at a first glance. Food prices have undoubtedly started to come down. The price of sugar has fallen by twopence a pound this week; flour is down, which means that bread will follow, although it is not in any great hurry to do so; boots and wearing apparel generally are becoming much cheaper, and the whole tendency is for prices to fall. Unfortunately this is not altogether a matter for congratulation. It means, as far as finished goods are concerned, that manufacturers and retailers have been left with a large stock on hand, and, although the boom has stopped, they must get rid of their goods. They cannot afford to keep so much capital, as is represented by their stocks, inactive. This means, however, that the merchant will be more sparing in his orders and, consequently, the manufacturers will have less work and thus unemployment must spread more and more. It is plain that the country has to go through some hard times before it gets back to its old prosperity, or an approximation to it. The difficulty really is that all the countries in the world are in the same position. They are now beginning to realise their poverty and to recognise that the show of wealth after the war was not an increase, but only a changing of money from one owner to another. A few reckless profiteers might give the impression that all the world was rolling in wealth, provided those who were not profiteers did not show themselves.

SINN FEINERS, after making their own country notorious for outrage, have succeeded in committing similar crimes in this country. The fires at Liverpool and Bootle last week-end were their work beyond any cavil or question. Evidence was found in the uniform method pursued at the various conflagrations, and some of the miscreants were caught red-handed and armed. They are trying the temper of Great Britain very highly indeed. So far public opinion has worn an unruffled aspect, but anyone who is in the way of hearing conversations in railway trains and other places where men meet is aware that since

the dead bodies of murdered English officers were brought back from Ireland for burial, and warehouses and other places of business were set on fire at Liverpool, there is a rising anger which will not be easily quelled, because it is not only rising but righteous. Almost simultaneously with the perpetration of the Liverpool crime fifteen brave soldiers, who had served their country nobly in the war, were ambushed and done to death by a gang of miscreants in Ireland. For this, public opinion will demand the sternest justice. Anything less would be a surrender to anarchy.

PROFESSOR SHERRINGTON of Oxford, the well known authority on the brain and nervous system, is to be congratulated on his election to the Presidency of the Royal Society. This is an honour bestowed only for merit and after very careful deliberation. But there is no one in England who deserves it more. Professor Sherrington is not one of those scientific men who love publicity, but his life has been devoted to the subject on which he is the first authority. This has been recognised all over the world. It would take nearly a page to enumerate all the high positions he has held and the honours bestowed on him by learned bodies on the Continent and in America. The Royal Society has never, since its foundation in the time of Charles II, had a President of whom it had more reason to be proud.

THE University Rugby Football Match takes place next Tuesday. Hundreds of people are now cursing the constitutional laziness which made them put off trying to get tickets till it was too late. The wiser or luckier ones who have got their places are praying fervently that there will not be the usual Queen's Club fog. Year after year the enthusiasm grows, and if not with the general public, perhaps, almost certainly with the University public, this match is more eagerly canvassed and looked forward to than the Boat Race itself. Both sides have done very well this year, though the two captains seem to have had great difficulty in making up their minds about the backs, and a man who is struggling for a "blue" does not usually play so well as one with mind at rest. Mr. Sewell, in his interesting article in this week's issue, says that Oxford should win, and he is an impartial critic. On the other hand, one who was a good player and is a good judge, and a passionate Oxonian into the bargain, advised the present writer to lay six to four, if need be, on Cambridge, since they have so fine a pack of forwards. You pay your money and you take your choice.

THE correspondence in the *Times* as to the great expense of golf to-day will no doubt arouse very sympathetic feelings in the breasts of impoverished golfers. Much that the writer of the original article and subsequent letter writers have said is quite true. Golf is an expensive amusement to-day, but the problem of making it less so is not nearly so simple as it may appear. A great deal of the increased cost is quite unavoidable. Some time ago we published some figures in COUNTRY LIFE which may perhaps have surprised some golfers, showing how such essentials as mowing machines and dressing for the greens cost enormously much more than they used to. The wages bill, again, even if the minimum of labour be employed, is very formidable and, in fact, there are very few golf clubs that do not have a hard struggle even though subscriptions be increased. There is something to be done, however, by discouraging too gorgeous a fashion, both in respect to food and drink in the club-house and also to landscape gardening on the course. Lunch and golf "architecture" are both good things, but they can be overdone. The happy mean is hard to arrive at, nor is it possible in a golf club or anywhere else to stop people from spending more than they can afford because they have a foolish notion that it is the right thing to do. Nevertheless, a committee that really desires that the game should not be too luxurious can do a good deal.

WHILE on the subject of golf finance we may mention an interesting scheme adopted by the Mid-Surrey Golf Club. Lord Haig has asked all golf clubs to help his

fund for the Officers' Association. Various plans have been devised, such as giving to the fund a share of the sweepstakes from competitions, and asking any golfer who has a bet on his game and wins it to contribute some part of it. But the resulting sum is inconsiderable as a rule and unreliable. At Mid-Surrey it is proposed to ask every visitor and temporary member to subscribe one shilling per visit over and above the green fee that he normally would pay. It is estimated that if three-quarters of the visitors do so—and, in fact, all would be glad to do so—£300 a year would be produced from this one club, admittedly a very popular and busy one. The money would be automatically collected, and Lord Haig's fund would be assured of a more or less definite sum. There is a rather uncomfortable feeling in thus taxing the guest. All golfers, however, visit other clubs than their own at times. If all clubs adopted the plan, this suspicion of inhospitality would vanish and a very large sum would be collected for an excellent object, while no one golfer would feel the strain of his individual offering.

HALLOWE'EN.

The tattie-liftin's nearly through,
They're ploughin' whaur the barley grew
And, aifter wark, roond ilka stack,
Ye'll see the horsemen stand an' crack—
O Lachlan, but I mind on you!

I mind the years that we hae seen
Ten thousand stars blink doon atween
The nakit branches, an' below,
Baith fairm an' bothie hae their show,
A-lowe wi' lights o' Hallowe'en.

There's bairns wi' guizards at their tail
Clourin' the doors wi' runts o' kale
And fine ye'll hear the screechs an' skirls
O' limmers wi' their droukit curls
Bobbins for aipples i' the pail.

The bothie fire is loupin' het,
A new heid horseman's kist is set
Richs o' the lum,* whaur by the blaze
The auld ane stude that held yer claes—
I canna thole tae see it yet!

But gin the auld folks' tales are richt,
And ghaists come hame on Hallow-nicht,
O freend o' freends! What wad I gie
Tae feel ye rax yer hand tae me
Atween the dairk an' caun'le-licht?

In France, the noo, across the wave,
The wee lights burn on ilka grave
And you an' me their lowe hae seen—
Ye'll mebbe hae yer Hallowe'en
Yont, whaur ye're lyin' wi' the lave.

There's drink an' daffin', sang an' dance,
And ploys and kisses get their chance,
But Lachlan man, the place I see
Whaur aye the auld kist used tae be
An' the lights o' Hallowe'en in France!

VIOLET JACOB.

* In Angus bothies the head horseman's locker stands on the right-hand side of the fire.

THE recurrence of the Birmingham Fat Stock Show is a reminder that December is here and Christmas rapidly approaching. It has been a very good exhibition and the first of the shows of fat beasts to get back to the pre-war standard. There were a lot of splendid animals in almost every section. The Hereford steers shown by Messrs. Weston and Sons were as good as could be wished, although the champion is a cross-bred—the same heifer, belonging to Sir Richard Cooper, which won the championship at Smithfield as a yearling. Sheep and pigs also showed a very considerable advance on the animals bred in war-time, and the show, which is usually taken as an indication of what is going to happen in London, speaks well for Smithfield. It supplies abundant evidence that breeders of fat stock are getting back into their old stride.

THE MOODS OF LONDON'S RIVER

BY THOMAS BURKE.

AT Chelsea the Thames as pleasure resort definitely ends, and thence to the Isle of Dogs it is the Thames industrial. It is this stretch of the river that is properly London's river; and all the varied life of the thousand acres of the City is epitomised in these eight narrow miles of water. Those whose humour turns to the trivialities

of travel may have beguiled themselves at times with a mental catalogue of river music. All rivers have their song: some lyrical, some jingly, some plaintive, and some swelling and sighing. Even the small rivers of England have their differing music. There is the song of the Severn in Worcester, so sharply marked from that of the Trent that, by hearing alone, one could



H. Abbott.

ST. PAUL'S FROM BANKSIDE.

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name the one from the other. The tourist will recall, too, the slumber-song of the Ouse at Bedford, the fretfulness of the Medway, the croon of the Arun, the fuss and bustle of the Humber, and the dirge of the Exe. And all this varied music is gathered into one stormy symphony in the Thames at London, from the mellow grace of Chelsea to the ignoble austerities of Bugsby Marshes.

By Chelsea, which sits in feminine repose, decked with its rosary of great names, the river flows serenely, as though conscious of the inspiration it has afforded to the artist. At Westminster it assumes befitting dignity, and becomes surely the river of a great capital: there is a deep throb in its movement.

Below London Bridge the pace and volume of sound increase, and the music of its motion is a pompous march proper to commerce and motley enterprise. The very hues of the water seem to change with the changing song. From Chelsea to Bankside it is a deep grey; but at the Tower, where its surface is littered with a diversity of craft, it throws up every shade of sober colour, until, below Woolwich, it settles to a harsh green. As the music and the colour change, so does the life of its banks, and the river lends grace to this life, and the life embellishes the river.

Too few Londoners know their own river. You cannot scrape acquaintance with a river from its bridges and embankments; to know it you must travel with it; and now that the



THE TOWER AT LOW TIDE.



FROM LAMBETH JETTY.

Council steamboats are no more there is little opportunity for mingling with the thickening life of this traffic-ridden reach which Zola has likened to "an aquatic rue de Rivoli." The only chance that now remains is that of encountering a friendly bargee; and, as they say, he wants a bit of finding. But the barge is the true and good vehicle of river travel, its style suiting perfectly the occasion; and, if you are so fortunate as to secure a passage with a Jolly Young Waterman, you will forget the steam vessels and their crowded decks.

It is a noble journey. The bridges alone, seen from river level, are a revelation to those who have seen them only from

the embankments, and will engage your single attention, to the neglect of the thousand age-long associations beckoning from either bank. These will afford excuse for a second journey, and a third. A stately volume might be made on the Bridges of London, past and present, which interrupt the curves of this section—Chelsea, Battersea, Albert, Lambeth, Vauxhall, Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, London Bridge (a separate volume, demy 8vo, for this) and Tower Bridge. So waywardly does the river turn and turn upon itself that you come upon each as upon some suddenly unveiled monument. The very names of the riverside points are an invitation

to travel—Cherry Garden Pier, Cuckolds' Point, Execution Dock, Traitor's Gate, George's Stairs, Wapping Old Stairs, Horseferry Stairs, Lavender Lock, Pageant Stairs, Horselydown Stairs, Cyprus. These delicious names, however, belong to the Thames below Old Swan Pier. The solid prosperity of the parts above that has obliterated the apt and clinging nomenclature of past times, except at Bankside, which name holds much of fragrant association—Shakespeare, Greene, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, Nash, and Johnson as auctioneer. Between here and Lambeth one may say, largely, that there is nothing doing. The floating fire-station, the training ship, the Thames Police station—these are fixtures as undelightful as the Embankment hotels. Yet the two poems most closely associated in the common mind with London's river have their setting here—I mean "The Bridge of Sighs" and "London from Westminster Bridge." Neither of these, however, nor one of all the river poems—and how many they are!—has captured and resolved its true mystery. For the most part it is employed as a mere framework for the human drama; and the poets, sheep-like, have followed one another in finding their inspiration on the bridges and the Victoria Embankment. The river down-stream has suffered cold neglect in this matter; yet it holds much matter for celebration. One effort only I know, and that is the work of a young Chinese student resident in East London:

Waters of river flow fast at Limehouse Hole,
Past wharves and ugly gardens,
Past beautiful ships and tawny sails,
Past clamorous factories and broken boats and bells.

Throughout daytime these things are one—
One body of endeavour.
But when evening introduces night,
This thing is broken to thousand delicacies:
And warm notes of night
Make happy discord of day's harsh harmonies.

Our poet is wrong, however, in supposing that night brings cessation of toil on the river and its factories. The noise of the day may somewhat abate by night, but work proceeds. There is always something doing. There is a heartiness that goes with full swing here. The workers of this section show a lively and sanguine disposition against the lethargic attitudes of those whose business lies up-stream. There is more excitement among the barges over the shilling on the two-thirty than the plunger can ever know.

There must be some subtle power, I think, working in the waters to effect this change. If ever you do secure a barge-trip, observe your host and his mate as you set out from Wapping. Worrying their way through the heat and stress of the traffic in the Pool, they will be cheery of heart, with countenances of high June. By the time the barge is passing the Victoria Embankment their eyes hold the hues of mid-winter and the cheer has fled from their hearts. Maybe it is the loneliness of this upper reach, maybe the unkind faces of the Embankment buildings, the lackadaisical and voiceless workyards, the primness of Millbank, the sterile air, that oppress them. Anyway, the change is wrought, and the Jolly Young Watermen become Disgruntled Old Taximen, and growl out weak curses in place of honest invective.

Not that the bargees are any sort of masters of this art. Although the Pool is popularly regarded as the nursery of Language, where fine young oaths are born and bred up to be hardly maledictions, familiar and hot in the mouth as ginger and household words, it can produce nothing in support of that fiction. Billingsgate and Wapping live too much, like other East End colonies, on tradition. Doubtless the first winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge was a fellow of fine and fluent imprecation; but to-day the language of offence and protest lacks variety and pungency. It is no more than a flourish or intensive, a syncopation of an otherwise innocuous phrase, signifying nothing. The three British adjectives and the four foul nouns are so wearisomely rung upon in casual conversation that in moments of stress, when a suffering bargee must hold raging and blistering language or burst—he usually bursts.

I can never decide for myself when I find the river more beautiful—at night or at early morning. At early morning the many delicate spires of either bank toss one to the other the new sunlight, and the scum of the water glistens like hoarded wealth, and the eye receives a false effect of spaciousness, and the grimed buildings seem to be blown clean by the early wind. But in the evening the day's fair points of beauty are obscured, and new and unperceived objects arrange themselves and assume the foreground of the picture—great towers and gasometers, scaffolding and giant cranes. To see these objects from mid-stream is to suffer a shock of wonder. Themselves hideous, they do, in that cold setting, achieve a certain gaunt and arresting beauty. To one of them Childe Roland might have come.

Of the curious names of riverside points the most perplexing is that of Cyprus. Who first forced by nomenclature the association of the Mediterranean with this frigid, dusty region I cannot discover. Some sardonic devil he must have been. Here, in the leaden light of evening, the four winds and their branch winds seem to meet. At the doors of the square brick boxes that are its houses lounge or squat the men; about the stony streets the children gambol, and from slatternly windows peer the women. From the adjacent Albert Docks and the railway stations, Gallions and Manor Way, rises one everlasting hosanna of noise. From year to year steam-hammer, crane, syren, hooter, bell, anvil and pick perform their rough music: iron against iron, steel against steel, with a little chorus of nail and rivet; and through the night the shunted trucks make a melancholy fugue. It is one long-drawn hysteria of toil. It was once the fashion to say "Clapham Junction" as an expression of turmoil and clamour in the highest; but Cyprus has outsoared the Junction, and has achieved a vehement noise that no-written words can suggest. One needs a Brobdingnagian chisel in place of a pen, a mountain of stone for paper, and a style approximating to a jazz band; then one might, in miniature, transmit an idea of Cyprus. Arc lights break the body of the dusk at a hundred points. Men come and go in haste, and yell one to the other; and through the stupendous clamour tramps and barges and destroyers crawl with an air of easy idleness.

So, at the other end of London's river, at Chelsea, with its simpering echo of Ranelagh and Cremorne, opulent artists lounge with an air of easy idleness and criticise the tone-values of their river.

CLOUD PICTURES

If I could make a paint-brush
To reach up to the sky,
O then I'd paint upon the clouds,
Before I came to die,
A transitory dream or two
And things that I have seen—
A vision at Cape Matapan,
The Nile at Dawaween.

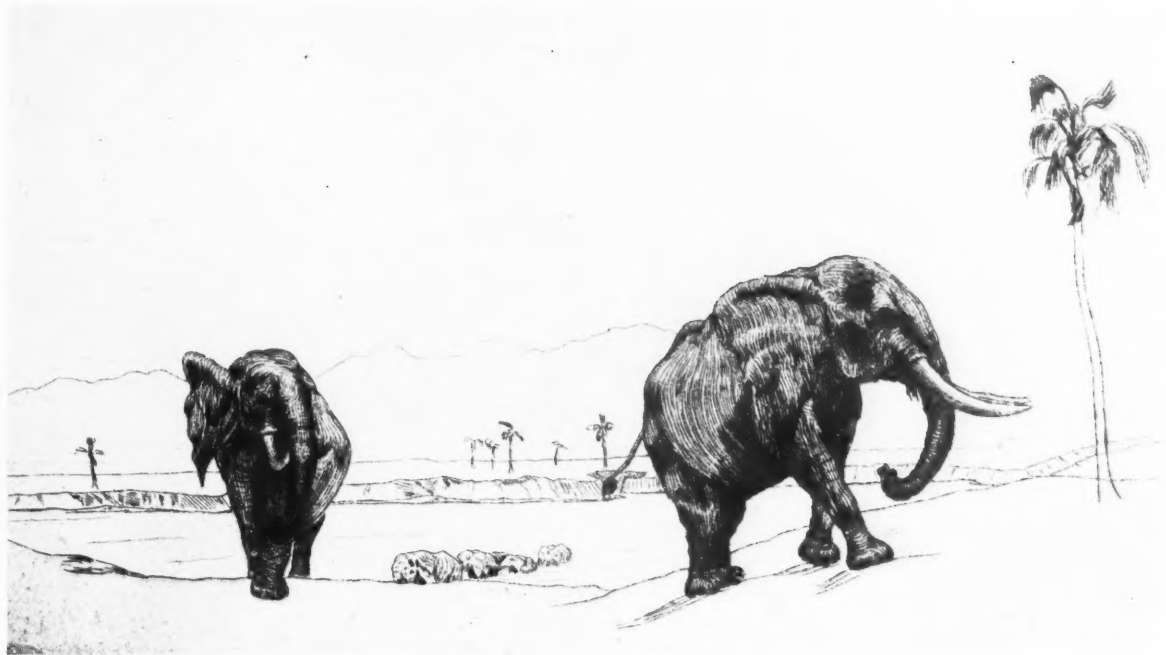
I'd paint the dawns that glow upon
The mountain tops of France;
An English meadow, drowned in mist,
Where I've seen fairies dance;
There should be harbours of the East,
A minaret or two,
A treasure-ship from Mexico,
A king of old Peru.

I'd send my pictures sailing
Whenever it was fine,
But nobody should ever know
The craftsmanship was mine.
Although, I think, perhaps, I'd like,
Before they fell as rain,
That folk should look up at the sky
And wish them back again.

OSWALD H. HARLAND.

HUNTING THE BIG BULL ELEPHANT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. M. BELL.



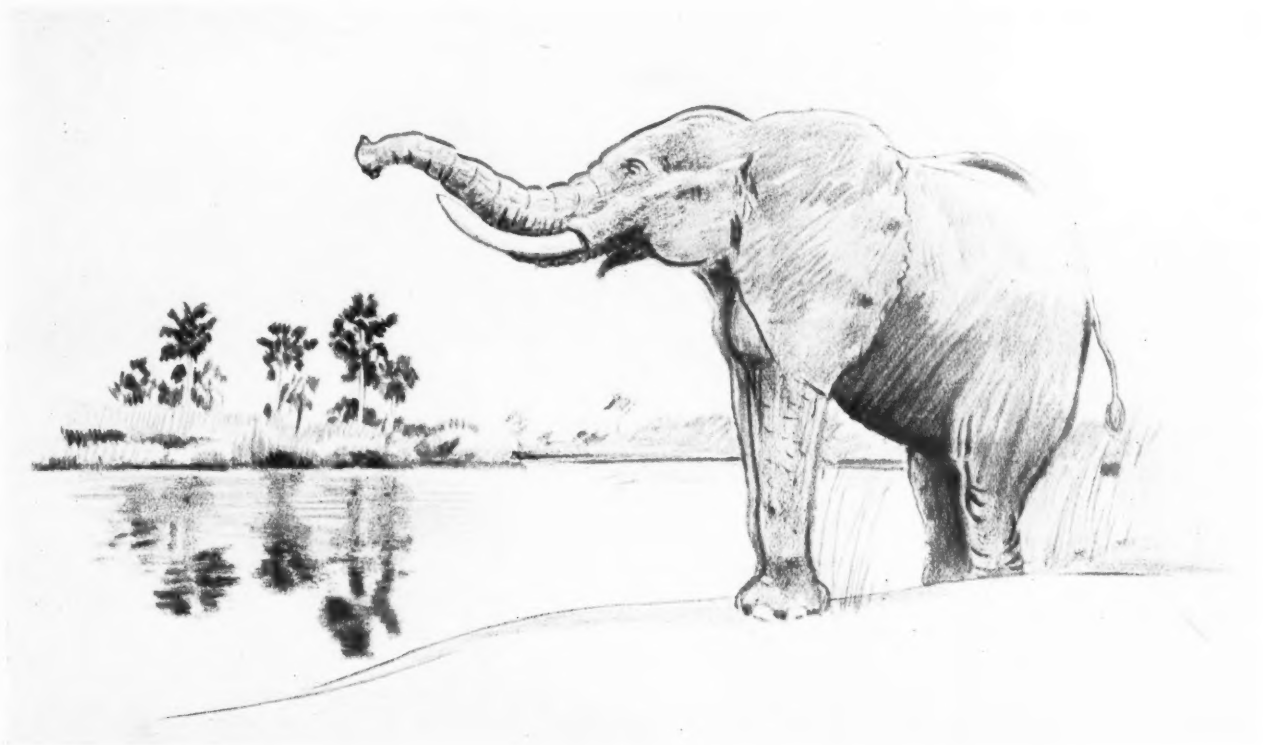
WITH THE HERD IN THE PAIRING 'SEASON.

THE most interesting and exciting form of elephant-hunting is the pursuit of the solitary bull. These fine old patriarchs stand close on twelve feet high at the shoulder and weigh from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand pounds or more and carry tusks, from eighty to one hundred and eighty pounds each. They are of great age, probably a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old. These enormous animals spend their days in the densest part of the bush and their nights in destroying native plantations.

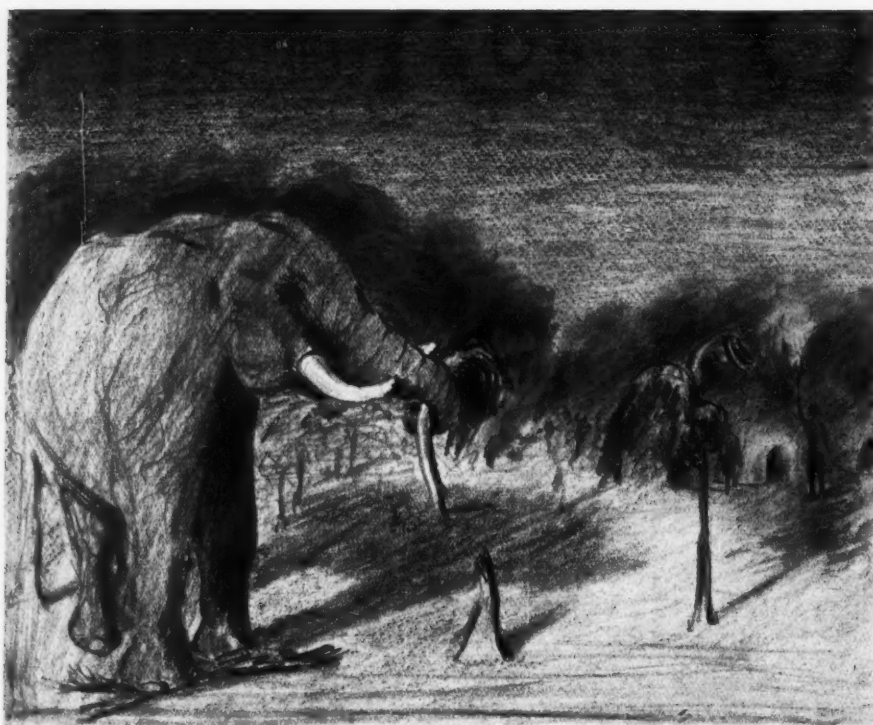
It is curious that an animal of such a size, and requiring such huge quantities of food, should trouble to eat ground nuts—or pea-nuts, as they are called in this country. Of course, he does not pick them up singly, but plucks up the plant, shakes off the loose earth and eats the roots with the

nuts adhering to them. One can imagine the feelings of a native when he discovers that during the night his plantation has been visited by an elephant.

The dense part of the bush where the elephant passes his day is often within half a mile of his nightly depredations, and it is only through generations of experience that these wicked old animals are enabled to carry on their marauding life. Many bear with them the price of their experience in the shape of bullets and iron spear heads; the natives set traps for them also, the deadliest one being the falling spear. Of all devices for killing elephants known to primitive man this is the most efficient. The head and shank of the spear are made by the native blacksmith, and the whole thing probably weighs about four hundred pounds and requires eight men to haul it into position. To set the



A PATRIARCH.



THE MARAUDING BULL.



IN THE COOL DARK PARTS OF THE FOREST.

trap a spot is chosen in the forest where an elephant-path passes under a suitable tree. A sapling of some twelve feet in length is then cut. One end is made to fit tightly into the socket of the spearhead and to the other end is attached a rope. The spear end of the rope is then placed over a high bough at a point directly over the path, while the other end is taken down to one side of the path, then across it and made fast to a kind of trigger mechanism. It is placed at such a height from the ground as will allow buffalo and antelope to pass under it but not a full-grown elephant. He will have to push it out of his way. This part of the rope is generally made of a bush vine or creeper. If all goes well, an elephant comes along the path, catches the creeper on his forehead or chest, pushes it sufficiently to snap it off, and then down hurtles the huge spear, descending point first with terrific force on neck, shoulder or ribs. I have seen taken from an old bull's neck a piece of iron three feet long and almost eaten away. The wound had completely healed and it must have been there for years. If, however, the spear strikes the spine, death is instantaneous.

To get within hearing distance of these old elephants is comparatively easy. You simply pick up the enormous tracks in the early morning and follow them into their stronghold. Sometimes, after going quite a short distance through fairly open forest, you begin to find it more and more difficult to force your way along. The tracks are still there, but everything gives way before the elephant and closes in behind him again. Here in the dark cool parts there are no flies, so that the flapping and banging of ears, the usual warning of an elephant's presence, are lacking. The light begins to fail; air currents are non-existent or so light they cannot be felt; the silence is profound. Monkeys and parrots are away in the more open parts. You may expect to hear your game at any moment now. You hope to see him, but your luck is in if you do. At the most you will see a high and ghostly stern flitting through the undergrowth, sometimes disconcertingly close in front of you. Literally nothing indicates the presence of such an enormous animal, and if it were not for the swish of the bush as it closes in behind him you would find it hard to believe that he was so close. His feet, softly cushioned with spongy gristle, make no sound. He seems to know that his stern is invulnerable alike to bullets or spears; while his huge ears, acting as sound-collecting discs, catch with their wide expanse the slightest sound of an enemy. He shows no sign of panic; there is no stampede as with younger elephants when they are disturbed; only a quiet, persistent flitting away. You may concentrate on going quietly; you may, and probably do, discard your leg gear in order to make less sound; you redouble your stealth; all in vain.



This spear, weighing about four hundred pounds and provided with a twelve-foot shaft, is hung head-downwards from a tree. The rope, of vine or creeper, which holds it up, is stretched across an elephant-path, so that, in passing, the animal must snap it, liberating the spear to drop upon his own head or ribs.

THE FALLING SPEAR: THE DEADLIEST NATIVE ELEPHANT TRAP.

He knows the game and will play hide-and-seek with you all day long and day after day. Not that this silent retreat is his only resource—by no means—he can in an instant become a roaring, headlong devil. The transformation from that silent, rather slinking stern to high-thrown head, gleaming tusks and whirling trunk, now advancing directly upon you, is a nerve test of the highest order. The noise is terrific. With his trunk he lashes the bushes. His great sides crash the trees down in every direction, dragging with them in their fall innumerable creepers. The whole forest is in an uproar. Much of this clatter the experienced hunter writes off as bluff, for after a short, sharp rush of this sort he will often come to a dead stop and listen intently. Here, again, his long experience has taught him that his enemy will now be in full retreat, and

in most cases he is right. Certainly no native hunter waits to see, and most white men will find they have an almost uncontrollable desire to turn and flee, if only for a short way. With the deadliest of modern rifles it is only a very fleeting chance that one gets at his brain. The fact that the distance at which his head emerges from the masses of foliage is so small, and the time so short until he is right over you, in fact, makes this kind of hunting the most exciting and interesting of any in Africa or, the world, as I think most men who have experienced it will agree. If the shot at the brain is successful the monster falls and the hunter is rewarded with two magnificent tusks. And great will be the rejoicing among the natives at learning of his death, not only for the feast of meat, but also to know that their plantations have been rid of the marauding pest.

LONDON

Who makes London what she is—you do,
 Who makes London what she is—we do,
 London laughing, London grey,
 London's life and her decay,
 London's pulling-down and building,
 All the daubing and the gilding
 You and I make London!
 Morning, evening, noon and night,
 In the darkness and the light
 We conceive her—
 Make her soul,
 Kiss her soul,
 Weep her soul
 And leave her.

ANNE F. BROWN.

LIFE IN A CORMORANT COLONY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CHISLETT.

GALLOWAY looks its best on a clear, bright day, with a fresh breeze blowing sea-born clouds over Cairnsmore. On a grey day the effect is not quite so alluring; and after travelling all day Willford scarcely seemed to be enthusiastic, appearing to be inwardly wondering if the bird-life likely to be found in such a bleak country would be sufficient compensation for the journey. When we turned off the main road, however, and drove through open moorland, the plenitude of curlews by the roadside revived Willford's spirits wonderfully. A sight of the gulls as we ran along the side of a loch further improved the outlook. And after a short voyage to inspect the cormorant island all doubts were removed.

Although the cormorants were probably the least beautiful in appearance of all the birds found breeding on and around this group of lochs, they afforded more interest and amusement to the visitors they entertained unawares than any other species. From any of the lochs it was plain to be seen that cormorants were colonised not far away; birds were continually passing over and occasionally exploring the fresh water. Photographic operations were begun a few days after our arrival. The weather had changed in the meanwhile, and the struggle across the mile or so of heathery moorland in the heat with Willford's big tent—sectional hut would almost be a better description—was

somewhat toilsome. The man from the South chuckled at the Northerner's calls for a rest, but readily responded. When the shore of the farther loch was reached the scenery (as the railway people had called it) was placed across the boat and rowed to the island; but as the bolts by which the framework was fastened together were found to have been forgotten the job had to be completed later.

The island was long and narrow and the nests were placed at one end. On May 27th full clutches of four or five eggs could be seen in some nests; other birds had only partly laid up, and many nests were still in course of erection. Some were big, pork-pie-shaped erections; others were raised only a few inches above the ground. The building material was heather. Here and there on the ground were scattered a few odd eggs. As we landed the birds left in a black mass, though a few at the farther end of the island waited until we were actually among the nests. In a quarter of an hour the lens was pointing through the front of the tent and, all being serene, I was left alone.

The cormorants were swimming about in a fleet and soon began to come nearer. One bird proudly held aloft a piece of heather, having evidently been away for material when we arrived. When the boat was passing the tern island about a hundred yards away, one of the swimming fleet opened its wings and flapped its way back to the island. Others immediately



STANDING WITH WINGS OUTSPREAD WHILE THE WATER DRAINS OFF.



THE AFTERNOON SIESTA.

followed; and when a few were seen to be safe ashore the rest came in a body, with much gruff croaking and flapping of wings. The birds with eggs flew straight to them and settled, and at once began to pluck pieces of heather from the nests of neighbours who had not yet returned. One bird which had only laid the foundations of its nest found on arriving that it would have to begin again, every scrap having been stolen and added to other nests. Birds which had been swimming under water stood for a few moments on rocks at the water's edge with wings outspread while the water drained or was dried off. So interesting was the scene that some time elapsed before I thought of exposing a plate, and then found an unexpected difficulty in the selection of subjects. With so many birds about it was next to impossible to obtain pictures free from movement and without blurred forms in the background. Other nests were

too close to the "hide," the heads of their owners having to be watched or they would obstruct the lens at the moment of exposure. Groups of birds performing various functions were more easily obtained than portraits of individuals, and chances of the latter had to be taken quickly when they offered.

Just beyond the bird I had focussed upon, another which I took to be a hen crouched on a partly made nest. With beak and tail both pointed upwards, she implored the attention of a male, raising and lowering her wings each moment. Often she would stretch her neck out to the full, bringing it over until it lay along her back, then slowly raise it again and stretch it forward in front of her. Sometimes she waved her head quickly to and fro, and wagged it from side to side; and the whole performance was patiently repeated throughout most of the time I was there. Such is the nuptial display of the



THE LEFT-HAND BIRD IS DISPLAYING, THE ONE ON THE RIGHT SEEMS TO BE BORED.



A CORNER OF THE CORMORANT COLONY.

cormorant. The bird on the nest in front of me was so little interested that she put her beak under her wing and went to sleep. Another bird standing by also appeared to take little notice. Once, however, it turned in the direction of the displaying bird and widely opened its mouth. Mr. Selous says that the closely related male shag displays by opening its mouth to show the colour within; but whether or not this cormorant was answering in any way the overtures of the other bird I cannot say. Nor am I sure it was the same individual which later responded to the display; at the time it appeared to be merely yawning and was rather suggestive of boredom. But several other birds were seen to do the same thing. Here and there on unfinished nests other birds were repeating the same actions of neck and wing, sometimes not without reward. In one case another bird walked up to the bird displaying, laid his head and neck across her back, nibbled at her plumage, and fondled her by intertwining his neck with hers. Cormorants frequently returned from journeys to the moors carrying branches of heather. The sitting mates at once seized hold of the stalks and placed them in position. When birds alighted their wattles were distended and gruff notes

usually uttered. Squabbles often took place between neighbouring birds caused by attempts to pilfer material from each other's nests. The pilferer would be snapped at and would retaliate, and for a few moments each would remain with neck outstretched snapping with their beaks at each other; then all would subside. As the day wore on and got hotter, energy seemed to ebb a little. Many birds slept. Others lazily attended to their toilet. But seldom did one look round without seeing a tireless hen patiently repeating her exercise. It is to be hoped they were in due course rewarded by full clutches of eggs.

When the boat came for me the whole crowd stood erect, showing a forest of black necks before leaving in a body.

Other visits were paid to the island as the weather permitted, the condition of the boat making the passage unsafe when the water was rough. When passing on the mainland one day the "hide" was seen to be lying on its side with a cormorant standing upon it. Afterwards we moved the "hide" to the other end of the colony for Willford to have his second day with some different birds when his appetite for moorland species should be satisfied. Before this had come to pass, however, the "hide" had been blown away.



THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A "PORK-PIE" NEST.

LITERATURE

Awakening, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

ONE of the surest ways of discovering whether a man lives his inner life in the flesh or in the spirit is to put to him some question concerning his childhood. The materialist will answer it with a bored word and dismiss the subject; to him it is foolishness, for has he not long since put away childish things? But for a man alive to spiritual issues it will hold some kindling magic, precious as is the last match in a last match-box. And when that man has imagination to the point of being an artist, it is a hundred to one that the subject of childhood will drive him once, if not time and again, to use his creative faculty in an effort of re-creation. In doing so he obeys a sure instinct. For, as the years pass over our heads, engulfing joys and hopes, they leave among the wreckage one life-line, the growing knowledge of good and evil. And so we come to see (where previously we had only been told) that Heaven did lie about us in our infancy, and we strain our eyes backward to that distant shore in the hope of descrying some proof, though it be but a pebble, of the continued existence of that Heaven. It is this hope, never more than half fulfilled, that keeps our memories of childhood constantly astir. A blind man treasures remembrance of the glories that he has seen, but those glories remain perforce static; they cannot change. Not so our memories of childhood, which are liable to sudden illuminations because we are liable to illumination. Thus it is that we never tire of peeping through chinks in that gate of Paradise which closed one day softly and immutably upon us. For we feel that it still keeps behind it (if we could but see clearly!) the child we once were, the child who knew what we have forgotten. And so *Awakening*, although it is about a child, about little Jon, one of the Forsyte clan familiar to readers of "A Man of Property," is not—or not altogether—for children. It is rather the sort of book that a man writes for himself, rather from his own memories of the dawn of life, or as a result of watching some beloved child, and divining, half by sympathy, half by recollection, his mental processes. In this case the result is a piece of work of the utmost delicacy, the finest perceptiveness. It brims our hearts with that delicious, running laughter that is always on the brink of tears. The author is very fortunate, too, in his illustrator, Mr. R. H. Sauter. Though the text is not always for a child, children too will rejoice in it, for they will bridge the gaps in their understanding with the lavish, delightful illustrations. Where all the drawings are so happy it is hard to make choice of praise; but, perhaps, among the best are "The Abysses of Existence," into which gazes the extraordinarily touching speck of a figure that is little Jon; "the moonbeam" that "seemed alive," a line drawing imaginatively successful almost beyond belief, and enriched, moreover, by a haunting resemblance to an elongated Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the set of four pictures, "Evolution of The Brig," whereby a tree on the lawn is by quite perfect stages transformed into a sailing ship. There is just one exception to our admiration; the artist's reading of the housemaid, Bella, who had "pink cheeks and came out too suddenly in places," differs violently from our own. However, it is almost a relief to quarrel with Mr. Sauter on this one point; it assures us, at any rate, that his interpretative skill is no more than human, a fact which we might otherwise have been excused for doubting.

Irish Fairy Tales, by James Stephens. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Macmillan, 15s.)

NOW, was it not a great idea to write a book of fairy-tales with such skill that children, absorbed in the stories, are unconsciously enjoying their perfect telling, and that wily grown-ups, pretending to be entranced by the style, are really hanging breathless over the stories? We refer to this year's Christmas "Rackham Book," or should we say to James Stephens' book of Irish Tales. When a song is published it is the composer who "hath the pre-eminence," with his name writ large on the title-page, while the writer of the words languishes in smaller type. But what do we do about a book when both author and illustrator are so well known? The old Celtic heroes seem to be elbowing the Greek heroes out of nursery and schoolroom to-day. Not that this is a book written specially for young people. It is for everyone. There is much magic in it and a most generous supply of bloodshed. There is wit and there is eternal love. You who adore romance must read of Fionn's fairy wife. "'She is always new,' said Fionn. 'She is always better than any other woman. She is always better than herself. . . . He did not listen to the songs of poets or the curious sayings of magicians, for all of these were in his wife, and something that was beyond these was in her, too. 'She is this world and the next one . . . ' said Fionn.' You who love dogs must read how Fionn loved them. 'He knew everything about them from the setting of the first little white tooth to the rocking of the last long yellow one. He knew the affections and antipathies which are proper in a dog; the degree of obedience to which dogs may be trained without losing their honourable qualities or becoming servile and suspicious.' We all remember the story of the seven leagued boots read to us in childhood. The owner of them covered seven leagues at a step. And that was all there was to that. But listen to this bit about an Irish giant: 'On his stamping feet there were great brogues of boots that were shaped like, but were bigger than, a boat, and each time he put a foot down it squashed and squirted a barrelful of mud from the sunk road.' Can you not hear the mud squelching, you realists? We make one stipulation about the buying of this book: that it shall not be bought for very young children or for very nervous grown-ups. The illustrations are too—well, too exciting.

A Captive at Karlsruhe, by Joseph Lee. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) IF true genius be scarce, there is, at any rate, some latent genius in the composition of us all. Dwelling side by side with common-sense, constructive imagination is only called forth by necessity, and should a man of any degree be uprooted from his ordinary, prescribed occupation, his mother wit will generally provide the power of creating what hitherto he has been content to see done by others; nor that alone, but what he had considered only possible in those of particular temperaments not kindred to his own. Crusoe is only typical of the invention and resourcefulness of all when hard put to it, and Mr. Joseph Lee is witness to this and sets forth his discovery in a very delightful volume of recollections of life in a German prison camp. We say recollections,

for the war itself has been long submerged by the problems it has left scattered in its train. "Those were hungry days," he says, "when a man's wealth was not to be calculated by the amount standing to his credit at Messrs. Cox and Co.'s . . . but by the number of French biscuits which he had succeeded in securing." But poor as were the bodily effects of these half-starved captives, rich, perhaps, as they had never been before, were they in imagination, even if it grew fat at the expense of their souls. "Into the service of the theatre," of which there was one erected in the camp, "I immediately found myself intrigued and impressed," he tells us, "in the somewhat composite character of scene-painter, scene-shifter, poster artist, actor, prompter, 'noises-off' and playwright." And amid their suffering and deprivation they never forfeited their good spirits and their loyalty. Mr. Lee, moreover, has an entertaining pen, which always provokes the amusement and ready sympathy of his readers.

The Life of Admiral Mahan, by Charles Carlisle Taylor. (John Murray, 21s. net.)

THE former British Vice-Consul in New York, fired with the desire to assist the *rapprochement* between Britain and America, has undertaken with affectionate enthusiasm the compilation of the life story of an American whose memory is more revered in Britain than that of any of his fellow-citizens. It is in that light that Mr. Taylor's book must mainly be regarded, for he admits that he is a new hand at the art of book-making. The fact is indeed patent all through the work. No skilled writer would have loaded his pages with much of the ephemera that Mr. Taylor includes. The plain fact is, of course, that Mahan does not lend himself to biography in the ordinary sense of the word. What can be written of him is an appreciation, a critical estimate. Such a book was beyond Mr. Taylor's scope, but he has done what he could, and has done it very thoroughly. There cannot be much of Mahan's unofficial correspondence that is now unpublished.

A Case in Camera, by Oliver Onions. (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.)

HOW inveterate is our joy at beholding some lurid title on the cover of a book, promising an unimaginable feast of blood-curdling enterprise and adventure! And should we open such a book as a haven of intellectual repose, what is our disappointment when we discover inside the annals of some crime set forth with as little amount of improbability as if it had actually happened! However, although, properly speaking, *A Case in Camera* is neither one thing nor another, we are not altogether disappointed. True, we expected a novel concerning the analysis of human character and action we do not get it; nor are we thrilled by finding in each chapter the perpetration of some enthralling crime more terrible than the last. Yet who knows but what this little book may not open an entirely new vista in the unique art of the detective story? Mr. Onions has drawn his characters so naturally that our interest is even inclined sometimes to flag when we find that they behave as everybody in this world does behave. But at times he indulges in snatches of very poignant description: "I found myself looking at a young but curiously worn face, with a great width of brow, eyes that seemed to hold I know not what nameless expression of disillusion and fatality, and a firm sweet mouth." And with this it is much to his credit that the mystery is brought up to the last page without a single sidelight on a possible explanation, until it dawns upon us as obvious and ordinary as everything else in the book. Mr. Onions' best character is Mr. Onions himself, whom we like extremely well, while certain that he has at his command all the potentialities of a really good book.

The Irishman, by Oliver Blyth. (Nash, 7s. 6d.)

MR. BLYTH has given us a really strong book, written in a minor key. The tone is always low, sometimes so gloomy as to be almost morbid; yet, the melody, the melody of aspiration, is apparent throughout, and the persistent pulse of nature throbs through the story, making itself felt continually as a magnetic undercurrent that will not allow the thought to wander far from its embrace. Mr. Blyth knows his Irishman through and through, and Martin Duignan, the peasant, is a more real article, though perhaps not so picturesque, than he who is to be found in the "Playboy of the Western World." Martin tries to break away from the spell of nature and to reach the intellectual heights of which he, as his father before him, has dreamt. He cannot turn his dreams into reality; life in the big world is too complicated for the untutored, introspective peasant mind, and while never losing sight of the heights to which he would climb he succumbs to the dangers he does not know how to combat, and he sinks lower and lower in degradation, dragged down by influences altogether outside his own personality. A wonderfully interesting study and beautifully told. But why, oh why, is there a picture on the outside cover which will attract to the book the type of reader who will not appreciate it, and frighten away the reader who would find in it a source of real pleasure?

The Rock Garden, by E. H. Jenkins. (COUNTRY LIFE Library, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS instructive and well illustrated book contains tabular lists of alpine plants suitable for all purposes and seasons; with their height, necessary aspect, soil, colour and method of propagation. These particulars provide the reader at a glance with the necessary cultural details of alpine plants, while a list of undesirable plants for the rock garden concludes a very practical and valuable guide. The author is well known among lovers of alpenes as a practical exponent of their proper cultivation, and the advice he gives may be acted upon with every confidence by all who are in any doubt as to the best methods to pursue. We had, however, hoped to find this little book the last word on the rock garden, but it is hardly that. Very few, if any, rock plants have created greater interest in the last few years than *Gentiana Farreri* and *Gentiana sino-ornata*, but we look in vain for any mention of these plants either in the index or in the appendix list of choice alpenes. The selection of a suitable site and the proper construction of a rock garden are fully dealt with in the opening chapters of this work, while later chapters deal with the adjuncts to the rock garden, such as bogs, cascades, moraine, wall gardening and paved pathways. All interested in rock gardens will find this work of immense practical help.

OF SECRET ROOMS

BY ISABEL BUTCHART

THESE are two novels, which even the writers of them would not claim as their best, which hold for me enchantment that never palls: "The House with no Address," by Ethel Nesbit, and "The House of the Lost Court," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson. The latter, filmed, has even drawn me to the cinema. Why should one with no taste for melodrama—with even a dislike to it—be absolutely at the mercy of any writer who can touch with charm and mystery on secret rooms?

"The House of the Lost Court" is the story of an old country house in which were two wonderful courts, one containing a fountain and the other four shadowy cypresses. Legend said that there had been a third, hundreds of years ago, and belief in its existence had never quite died away among the country people. And there was this third court, a tiny, charming, mysterious little place, so skilfully hidden that I have spent many an hour drawing plans of the old house, trying to find out where it was tucked away. The author thinks, I am sure, that she has made this quite plain, but, fortunately, she has not done so; and the drawer of plans has to pounce on every slight indication of the position of dining-room, library, ballroom, chapel, and especially the cypress court and the long gallery, before the Lost Court is successfully located. This particular drawer of plans got the library facing west first and then came across reference to its strangely deep-set east windows. So she tore up *that* plan. Then she put the library to the east, moved the ballroom to the south in tired desperation and went to bed. But got up again and found—oh, joy!—an overlooked sentence about the south windows of the ballroom. So that was all right! Then, breathing hard, she ran a corridor from the library to the long gallery, slapped in the book-room in a new place, found that the priest's wardrobe was opposite the steward's room ("Dolores darted across to the door of the priest's wardrobe"—*across*, yes, yes!) and lo! the Lost Court.

With cold feet and hot cheeks the drawer of plans went to bed again.

In the Lost Court had lived for many years Anthony Vane-Eliot, wrongly convicted of murder and supposed to have died in prison just before his execution. In the old house lived his mother, Lady Rosamund, who was forced, through poverty, to let it to two charming Americans, mother and daughter, staying on herself as housekeeper, so that she might still guard and tend her son with the help of the old butler. Of course Dolores, the beautiful young American (a dear child), finds the Lost Court (with much greater ease than one reader), and piquant situations follow.

And the Lost Court was worthy of romance.

What Dolores saw was a small court, marble-paved. . . . There was a fountain in the centre, just a small marble basin filled with water, out of which rose the delicate figure of a naiad. Stooping, the marble maid raised slim arms above her head, holding up carved masses of trailing hair, and from her hands and from her hair dripped water which fell with a pearly splash into the basin.

This court was square like the great fountain court and the court of the cypresses; but four of its size might have existed in either of the other two and still left much room to spare. The north and west walls were of marble, unbroken by door or window or any carving. The smoothly joined blocks glistened in the light, pale opal blue at the top under the moon, ivory below, where the rays of a tall lamp gilded their white surface. . . . In jars grew spreading palms, and orange and lemon trees hung with balls of gold.

Near the fountain stood a carved seat of marble, with a rose-coloured cushion of old velvet, such as Italians love to lay on marble; and drawn close to the seat was an inlaid ebony table of Eastern shape and make. On this was the tall lamp whose rays gilded the gleaming walls, its flame softened by a modern shade of seaweed green silk . . . and the light of this lamp with the moonlight filtering down from the high purple roof which was the sky, gave to Dolores' astonished eyes the whole strange picture.

The south and east walls, also of marble, were pierced with doors and windows, all set in exquisitely carved frames, such as the girl has seen in pictures of old Venetian palaces.

And another evening:

Rain was falling on the marble pavement of the Lost Court, pattering crisply down on the great green fans of the palms and the thick leaves of lemon and orange trees which glittered in the light that streamed from every window . . .

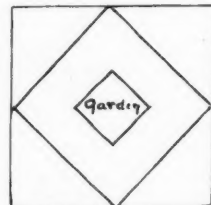
Such a precocious little court—to have real rain! For one must remember that it was hidden among the ordinary rooms and passages of the old house.

Now, isn't it a delightful book for anyone with a passion for secret rooms?

"The House of No Address" was the home of a wonderful young dancer whose life had to be kept an utter secret from

the public, whose darling she was. There really is a murder in this book, and a peculiarly offensive one, yet the lure of the hidden house draws me through the pages at intervals.

"The House of No Address" was arranged, diamond-wise within the empty shell of another house, so:



and it also had a little court in the middle into which all its windows looked. The corners cut off were joined to the house on either side and said to be store-rooms, and their windows, looking on to the ordinary street, gave no suggestion of rearrangement within; and as the charming Sylvia's dear old guardian owned the whole block everything was beautifully simple—except getting into the house unperceived, for many were the motors that started in chase when Sylvia left the theatre at night. Her own chauffeur, having taken her regularly at least four miles out of her way, to baffle public curiosity, ran her motor brougham into a garage, put out its lights instantly and was rather a long time fiddling with and lighting the gas. Meanwhile the brougham had sunk down on a lift in what appeared to be a motor pit, deposited its occupants in an underground passage, returned, and was standing innocent and empty by the time the gas was lit. It will be perceived that this book has also its points for the collector of secret rooms.

The plan of the House of No Address is given in the book, so the reader gains in tranquillity but loses the anguished happiness that the House of the Lost Court affords.

Of real secret rooms there are few, alas! in these modern days, but who can complain when they are scattered so generously through the book world and when, even in the dream world, some of us are lucky enough to find them between candle-light and dawn.

There are secret rooms in most people's minds, too—sanctuaries from the world, the flesh and the devil. It is possible, but not usual, to enter another person's secret room, and when this does happen it is one of life's highest adventures. But, generally speaking, the difficulty of getting into our own at will is problem enough. I have more than one friend—and I found this out quite casually—who slips through the door by means of some pass-word. "Dear land, a-dream with shifting light," sighs one, thinking of her own loved Scotland, and, with that, she has passed inside. I believe many people would be found to use these pass-words if the truth were known. "Blossom by blossom the spring begins" is another of them. And "Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken." But the most powerful I know is: "After Compline ought to be kepte grete stylnes and scylence not only from wordes but also from all dedes save only soft prayer and holy thynkeynge and bodely sleepe. For Compline betokeneth the end of mannes life." It is almost impossible to say this slowly without finding oneself on the other side of the latch.

In these days when the veil between this world and the next is supposed to be wearing so thin that the greatest secret of all is (some say) almost guessed, it is strange to reflect that the secret room in which each human soul dwells in this life is as closely barred as ever. There is no getting past *that* door. We imagine that we are on such familiar terms, tragic or cosy, with our own soul until a day comes when we are brought up short by the realisation that what we took for the soul was nothing but thoughts and emotions. Beyond them all lies that secret room. There are those of us who have beaten our hands sore on the door, who have cried with tears for a sign that there is life within, for that would prove many things concerning two worlds. But the sign, if it does come, is so faint that it proves nothing but that there is one thing left that we cannot finger and spoil with sentimental touch, and that in our inability to tend it lies its chance of growth.

Possibly that is why there is still one door to which we find no key.

A NOVICE ON DEER-STALKING



MISPLACED ENERGY.

A sentinel hind is spotting the stalkers.

DEER-STALKING is a sport which it is very much easier to read about than to accomplish. Whether it is, in actual fact, as exciting as it seems when reading some well known work is a matter not so much of opinion as of individual temperament. Undoubtedly more stags are missed owing to the malady known as stag fever than from any other cause, yet I think personally that a shaky hand and overwrought lungs, due to unfitness on the part of "the gentleman" (as distinguished from the stalker), is the cause of nearly as much bad shooting. Personal condition is a most important factor which the beginner is apt to overlook.

It is curious to note the amount of trouble a man will go to in taking a forest, moving his family and retinue up North, buying the latest rifles, spy-glasses, etc., and selecting with infinite care suitable raiment, while quite forgetting that, unless he is reasonably fit, his shooting will be bad, and his "pleasure" active pain at the end of the first long day.

Probably one of the greatest surprises the beginner will have is the extraordinary pace and ease with which natives of the Highlands negotiate the rough country and steep hillsides. It is nearly impossible for the Sassenach to live with them at their pace. Some hosts place a pony at your disposal, which



TEMPTATION!

A good herd but on the wrong side of the march.

animal, though far from a comfortable ride (the Highland pony being as a rule very loaded in the shoulders and exceedingly slow), is not to be despised. It should be borne in mind that these ponies are grass-fed, so they must not be hurried, or you will make them go wrong in the wind, which is a poor return for your host's hospitality, to say the least of it. Were I a millionaire sportsman, my first innovation in the forest would be a couple of good hacks—preferably ponies which had been hunted with the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds and were consequently used to rocks and bogs. These I should use to ride to outlying beats. Having passed the energetic age, I fail to see the object of tiring oneself out unnecessarily by walking long distances before the real work begins. There are, of course, many places, especially among the peat bogs, which will not hold a pony, but one could get a good deal nearer to the desired beat by horse than one can by car.

The next thing that will strike the novice as curious is the attitudes assumed by the stalker in spying for deer. These are soon accounted for should the novice himself try spying through a telescope! The latter are *the* most infernal machines if you are not accustomed to them, and seem extraordinarily unwieldy and difficult to use after field-glasses. The beginner will find it very difficult (1) to pick up the position of deer even when the stalker carefully points out their exact place on the target; (2) to keep his glass absolutely motionless; (3) to find his deer at all *with the glass*—even after he has picked them up with his naked eye! The most comfortable position for spying is to lie on your back with a rock to support your shoulders, drawing up your knees with the glass between them and against the left leg. Personally, I don't think I ever should become an adept with a telescope. It makes one's eyes dazed, and I am sure does not help one's shooting. However, there is no doubt a spy-glass has greater power than field-glasses, and certainly the former is universally used in preference to the latter in the Highlands.



THE STALKER ASSUMES CURIOUS ATTITUDES WHILE SPYING FOR DEER.

I suppose it goes almost without saying that deer-stalking is entirely dependent on the wind. Deer must be stalked upwind so that they cannot get the smell of man. It is not without interest to note the stalker continuously "trying the wind" with a blade of grass etc. This is done because among the corries and little valleys the wind has many eccentricities. For instance, it moves up (or down) a valley though it may be blowing half a gale across it on the tops.

The observant novice will copy the movements of his stalker and the more Tweedledum he can be to the latter's Tweedledee the better, as a good man often cuts it very fine, leaving very little ground to cover his movements. The novice will find that his great tendency when crawling in pursuit is to raise his tail higher than his head, or, when walking in a crouching position, to ease himself by involuntarily straightening his back. Even more tempting is it to move fast so as to get it over. Deer very quickly pick up anything moving fast; but not so quickly a slow movement.



THE RESULT OF BAD STALKING.

Whether deer have exceptionally good eyesight is, I think, open to question. Certainly they often pick up your presence even when you know you are practically invisible and impossible to smell. But probably a grouse, crow, fox or blue hare has moved off unseen by you, and its rapid and frightened movements have warned the deer. The following two incidents, seen by the writer this season, are cases in point.

(1) The Highlands; finish of a stalk, early October; rifle and head of sportsman, and glass of stalker, slowly appear round (not over) a clump of rocks on skyline. Distance to herd of deer 80yds. or less. All deer get their heads up, most turned towards enemy. Stag in a bad position to fire at. Sportsman remains in view quite five minutes before stag assumes a suitable position to shoot, yet all this time the deer, though they have seen something with certainty, are unable to make out if it is an enemy.

(2) West Country; writer returning home, July evening; up-wind, what there is of it, on a hot and close evening. Coming down-hill on turf, on reaching a fence and climbing through gap the writer finds himself within 20yds. or 30yds. of a stag, which is hind end towards him, with his head turned gazing up hill. Now, this deer had heard something, but had not got the wind. Apparently he thought the danger was still above him, as he continued to gaze upwards. An involuntary movement on my part caught his eye. Round came his head and we gazed at each other



AFTER A SUCCESSFUL STALK.

motionless for quite a minute. Then either the wind changed, or I made some small movement, for suddenly he turned and plunged away into the high bracken.

But if the eyesight of deer is nothing remarkable, their hearing is keen and their scenting powers marvellous. I am unable to state what is the extreme distance they can catch your wind; but I know from experience that more than once on coming off the hill down-wind at the end of a day's stalking I have seen deer below catch our wind at least half a mile away, if not considerably more. It is difficult to judge distance from above, I always think.

There are times when one's enthusiasm for the chase waxes exceedingly thin. For example, when you have to lie still as a mouse, with water oozing in through your undergarments at knees and elbows, for what seems like hours, because some "auld deevil of a hind" will gaze with suspicion in your direction. In fact, these long-eared ladies spoil many a stalk through their vigilance, and undoubtedly save the lives of their lords and masters very often.

Another time when deer-stalking strikes you as distinctly overrated is at the end of an unsuccessful stalk! Very wet, flask empty, a blister on your heel, and ten miles to walk home, and look sharp about it or there will not be time for a bath and change before dinner!

But the limit is reached when you have walked the greater part of a small forest (which appears to you to be at least half of the Highlands!) and seen absolutely nothing worth loosing off a cartridge at. Then, finally, you spy a good stag on the wrong side of the march fence—in other words in Naboth's



THE END OF A GOOD DAY.

Vineyard! Then, though you *may* be a pillar of the Church, a Justice of the Peace, and otherwise a law-abiding citizen, you will suddenly discover strong sympathies with the village poacher.

I am afraid, indeed, the circumstance that the size of the animal is too big for your poacher's pocket has a good deal to do with the fact that he is not put in it.
BROW TINE.

ABRAHAM

Laughing,
With his face towards the West,
A grey beard mantling his joyous breast,
Abraham
The everlasting child
Set forth from Ur.
The setting sun shone in his fearless eyes,
Being a child
He knew the sun would rise,
Being a child
He loved the starry night,
The wholesome, dark delight
Of women's love
Beneath the drooping tents;
The early reddening dawn,
When to his flocks were born
Young ewes and rams and foals.
Being a child
He did not waste his time
In painting pictures or in making rhyme
Of half forgotten Gods,
Why should he?
Being a child
He had the wonder-gift,
And raised in that wide desert drift
Of crystal atmosphere,
A God,
For whom he had no fear,
With whom he shared a joke.
For when God spoke
And told him how
He should beget a child now,
Even in his old age—
Just as the children fling themselves down
Upon the ground, laughing,
And from cornered eyes look up
To see if there's a frown
Upon their mother's face—
So Abraham,
Flung himself down
Upon the desert place,
And saucily laughed up
Into God's face.
He had the grace and tenderheartedness of children too,
And their importunity
With fairies.
Being a child
He hung upon the skirts of the angel
Going to Gomorrah,
And with insistence wild
Begged off the horror
Up to ten,
Then humbly ceased to plead.

ANNE F. BROWN

SOME HORSES IN ART.—I

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.



BATTLE OF S. EGIDIO, PAOLO UCCELLO.

IT is beyond doubt that our friend the horse, with his inferior associate man, has since the world and its art began been handled both for better and worse more than any other mammal. Of man, indeed, I shall say little, except that I place him second to the horse, in obedience to the dictum of a recent writer that all horses are fit to go to heaven and here and there a man. I employ his order, but reserve my opinion. For, much as I should wish to adopt his charitable view (personally, I shall be glad to meet all the dear beasts, though I am glad we are to have one or two two-legged friends there), there comes across me the memory of one or two horses I have known which seemed to my eyes to retain to the last some overdose of disqualifying original sin. I bethink me of Julius Caesar, which was a mere four-legged homicide. Of one Friday, a horse of Captain Machell's, which had such a hatred of a policeman that once, having put his jockey down at a start near the Ditch Gap, he pursued the unhappy constable on duty up to the very top of the earthwork. Now, if I am to meet either of these horses in another state I shall do as that policeman did. But allowing man, under reserve, the first place for worthiness, I must place the horse first also in order of difficulty of drawing, though I know that many art students would give that place to man. At any rate, a vast number more artists in all past ages have hopelessly failed over horses than over men. The horse has been misrepresented, misshaped, caricatured, reduced to mere symbol, as unlike any living animal as the X of William the Conqueror (recently sold for £500) is unlike the handwriting of any decent board-school child. But, on the other hand, the horse has also come to his own from time to time in recurring periods of art and in different countries, as, for example, in the best days of Athenian art, in a manner and degree so superb as to be itself an immortality. Striking an average, the horse (man likewise) has nothing to complain of. What strikes us most is this—it is one of the interesting problems of art in other directions also—that in the Assyrian slabs 647 B.C., in Greek work as aforesaid, and in Roman and Greco-Roman of a somewhat later day, in different degrees and styles, to be sure, an extremely high standard of horse-drawing (I shall use this term for painting, sculpture and drawing alike) was reached, only to die away and disappear entirely in Europe from the days of Constantine onward, till century after century it became mere nursery grotesque

(delightful at that, I grant), no more convincing than the efforts of any intelligent child on a wet afternoon in the nursery; and, moreover, as the eye, mind, creative force of the artists decayed and suffered eclipse (the sense of beauty never quite perished, but contented itself with that which always grows out of technics and material), so also must the eye, mind and realising power of the onlooker have gone downhill at a corresponding pace, else there could have been no acceptance on his part of that which his artist had to offer him. With the horses of the Parthenon, the bronze horses in the Hippodrome of Byzantium, the horse of Marcus Aurelius still above ground the Greeks and Romans of the tenth century were content with and proud of their own uncouthness which we to-day find as difficult to admire (save with a certain sympathetic smiling) as they did the forgotten masterpieces still surviving.

Perhaps, my readers will demur to my counting the Assyrians as among those who have done worthy honour to the horse. Go, then, to the British Museum, and in the Assyrian basement examine impartially the horses in the reliefs from the Palace of Assur-Bani-Pal (B.C. 647, etc.). Here were artists tied down by conventions which compelled them (not against their will—they knew no other law) to represent the muscles and bone points of a horse by circles and bosses and scrolls. And yet out of this cribbed and cabined convention there grows a horse as living—I do not say as beautiful or as rhythmical—and as forceful as if Pheidias had wrought it in



FROM THE RELIEFS FROM THE PALACE OF ASSUR-BANI-PAL.
Circa B.C. 647.

all his freedom. I appeal especially to No. 120, an unobtrusive slab of smaller size, and not otherwise one of the highest interest. Below is a scene which an intelligent Londoner, who knew his London fireman, described as "Assyrian firemen putting out a blaze," but it is really a scene of Assyrian kultur—the sacking and burning of a town. The upper part shows a victorious general in a chariot, with prisoners before and behind, holding up their hands in the attitude of "kamerad." Now, the horse in the chariot is about ten inches long and easy to miss—but such a horse when once you have seen him! Especially would I note one feature which is found in other Assyrian slabs, but never, I think, in such perfection as here, the exquisite modelling and setting on of the ear. This, too, is a constant feature in the Parthenon frieze, and counts for a very great deal more than is generally noticed—I never saw it noticed at all—in giving life and vivacity to the whole head. It is a point little regarded save by the greatest animaliers of any age. Here the little ear, less than an inch long, is perfection. It is, of course, an Arab trait and perhaps found its way to the English thoroughbred through that relationship. As I write I think me of an afternoon in 1866 when with a friend I stood by Gladiateur in his box. Tom Jennings was in a very genial, communicative mood that day and told us many things worth hearing—among others, how in the Ascot Cup, a few weeks before, the horse's marvellous win by twenty lengths was due to his running away with H. Grimshaw after seeming to be hopelessly out of it at the turn—but let that, with other things, pass now. It was a very pretty thing to see the great horse (there are some who still think him the greatest) bury his muzzle in his master's waistcoat as he fondled him. Jennings pointed out to us the exquisite shape of the horse's ear—I certainly never saw one more beautiful—and he expressed the view that a fine ear in a horse was a sign of high quality. I agree; but I must be careful, lest I be charged with advising the purchase of yearlings by the shape of the ear. Besides, I remind myself that Melbourne and nearly all his stock had lop ears of a most unmodelled character; and the feature was notable in that otherwise very handsome horse, his grandson, the Earl. However, it is certain that the setting on of the ear and its shape does give great character, better or worse, to the horse's face, and few artists have seemed to note it enough. Perhaps among those who have devoted



THE HORSE OF SELENE,
N.E. Pediment of Parthenon.

themselves especially to horse portraits J. F. Herring has seemed to be most alive to the fact.

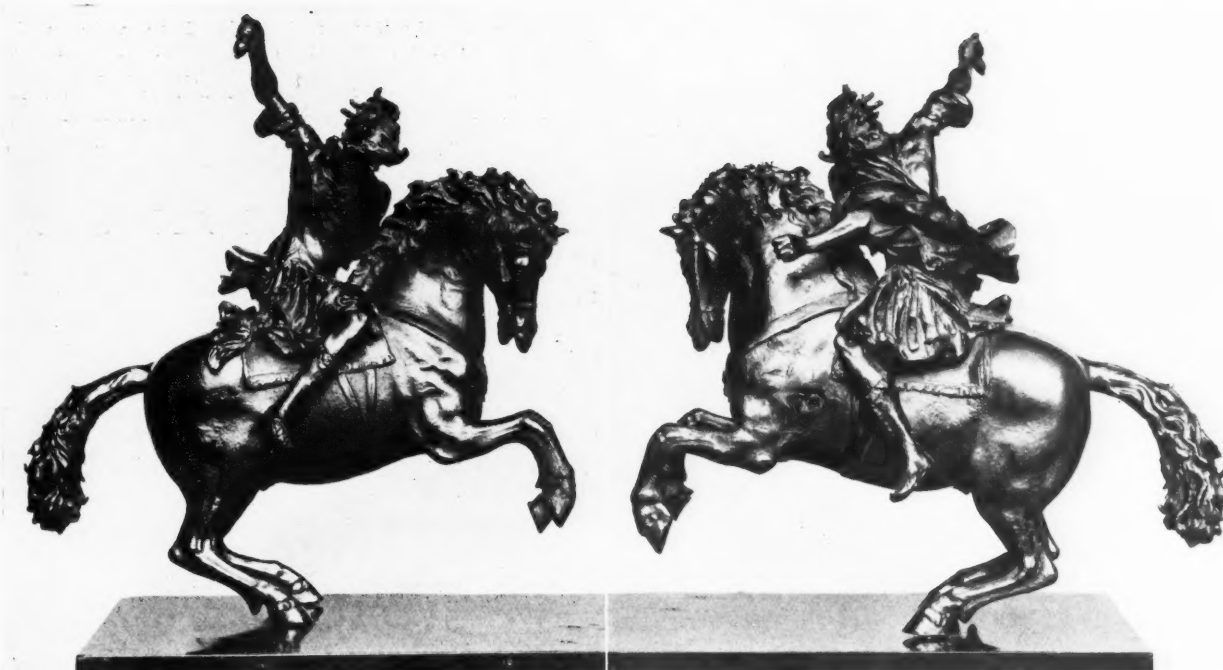
When you have looked well at the Assyrian reliefs, pass through the Greek Rooms (I assume that you have spent many long hours there in your life) and once more look at the head of the horse of Selene—supreme even in a room which is a Walhalla of supremely beautiful horse drawing. "All others in that kind are but as shadows." And it stood in its place above ground, as I have said, at Athens all those centuries of the eclipse of things beautiful and through that revival of art, and on till the age of museums imprisoned it in the smoke of Bloomsbury to save it from a worse fate. Men hugged themselves, at any rate, in the thought that the marbles were for ever secure from Turkish bombardments or barbarities. Yet I remember one night in 1914 not far from Bloomsbury—well, it wasn't the Turks that time!

Come mentally from Assyria and Athens to Rome, and hunt in that city of treasures for horses such as you have left

behind. You will not find them, though once there were plenty, chiefly stolen out of Greece, whose list still remains to us. But if you will for once forget the fine German proverb that "the best is better" and be happy in what you get, you will find some fine things in ancient horseflesh. But I will speak of one only, since it links, being Roman or Greco-Roman, with many of the bronzes of the Italian Renaissance, which largely derived inspiration from it and others of its period. This is the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which stands, and has stood since Michelangelo got it put there, in front of the Palazzo of the Senator on the Capitol in Rome. It is a statue with a past. It survived by a pious error when scores and even thousands of the bronze population of Rome got melted down in the dark ages of the city. For it was mistaken for the statue of a worse man, whom Marcus resembled neither in face nor character, namely, Constantine; and it was called commonly the horse of Constantine. It was placed—I forget where it was found—probably by Pope Sergius III, of not very sainted memory, with a sense of fitness, as Constantine in front of the Lateran Palace, the Court of the Popes in that day. It did strange service there, moreover; for when in 955 A.D. the Emperor Otho I sacked Rome and slaughtered its folk in the interests of his friend Pope John XII, the latter, who had a pretty taste in executions, hung the City Prefect Peter by his hair from the head of "the horse of Constantine," for all the world to see. Later, on August 1st, 1347, when Cola dei Rienzi, now Master of Rome, held feasting in the Lateran, tradition has it that the horse was made to pour wine from one nostril and water from the other. In Rome, once a tradition always a tradition. There are no signs on the body of the horse of the mutilations necessary for this difficult hydraulic achievement. I do not know if anyone has ever taken the trouble to examine the inside of the horse's nostrils, which might tell us something.



MARCUS AURELIUS.—ROME.



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (THE DRAGON LOST), PERHAPS A VARIATION FROM LEONARDO'S STATUE OF SFORZA.

Not that the tradition would perish under that or any other experiment. The statue once was gilded—fragments of the gilding still cling in parts. There is a local belief that the statue will regild itself, and on the day when it has done so the end of the world will come. I am quite ready to believe it. With regard to the statue, bygone writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne and many others, have boldly claimed it as the finest equestrian statue in the world. In Rome, yes; but not in the world; not even in Italy itself! For one cannot forget the Gattamelata of Donatello at Padua, nor the Colleoni of Verrocchio at Venice, of both of which more anon. Meanwhile, I am afraid that I am somewhat heretical as to the majesty and power displayed in the figure of the Emperor. It is, if fairly viewed (his coins give the same impression), a weak, unsensitive face. I yield to few in my admiration for the author of the "Meditations" as a conscientious ruler and a worthy man; a philosopher with a constant aim, but also with a constant consciousness of virtue. And these things, whether

in emperors or statesmen or ordinary men, are apt to make a little for the moral prig. If this be just judgment, then, perhaps, the sculptor has unconsciously put into the figure more true character than he had quite intended; but this is open to question, I grant. Yet his seat on horseback—well, it is quite unconvincing! To be sure, he is riding without saddle on the very broad bare back of his bulky steed—a most uncomfortable arrangement. "He is there," as the foreigner said, "but when he go quick will he remain?" On this point let me quote expert opinion. In years long gone, when Englishmen often spent winter after winter in Rome, a certain member of the colony, losing his Italian coachman, brought his English one, and in kindness of heart took him to see all he could. Standing before Marcus Aurelius, the coachman was told the old tale of how Michelangelo used to sit in admiration crying at times, "Cammina" (trot). The coachman listened to the fatuous story and then, turning to his master, said: "Good job, sir, the 'orse didn't do as he was told. If 'e 'ad a trotted that gentl'man 'ud a fallen off." The same oracle brought face to face with Guido Reni's Aurora and her chariot, delivered himself thus: "A roarer, sir? You don't say which, but seems to me they all of 'em looks like roarers."

But a philosopher or a divine should not be judged by his seat on horseback. Friends of Dean Burgon regarded his semi-circular shape in the saddle with horror. They never knew



ROMAN WARRIOR, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
Victoria and Albert Museum.



ROMAN WARRIOR, SECOND HALF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
J. P. Morgan collection.

whether his hat or his head would be first to fall off on to the horse's neck. In his opening year at Chichester he must needs choose, in all innocence, the first day of Goodwood Meeting for a ride up the hill. He could not understand the crowd. Still less did the crowd understand him. At length a bookmaker, moved by humanitarian feeling, shouted as he drove by: "Sit up you old beggar. You'll give your 'orse the 'eadache."

But the horse of the Emperor is a very fine thing. Not a nag for many purposes, but for a review in the Campus Martius no doubt ideal; and, perhaps, still more on a pedestal. Among all the horses of equestrian statues in the world he must rank among the first half-dozen, or even higher. And there is this, too, to be said of the whole fine statue, that when the living horse and rider went underground nothing more to compare to it came along for a full thousand years in Italy or any other country. It survived, as we have seen by the happy accident of a mistake, and so it became, after the revival of Italian sculpture about 1260 A.D., the type to which the eyes of artists, especially a little later, in true Renaissance days, turned for a model of all that was best in that sort.

Even when Italian sculpture woke from its long sleep, through Niccolò Pisano and his son Giovanni (to be followed very soon by the new birth of Italian painting), the road was still long to travel before the point at which they had left off, before the long darkness had set in, was reached once more. The history of art, like all other history, repeats itself continually. Whenever art in any nation undergoes a period of decay or of eclipse, when it revives it cannot take up its standpoint just where it left off, but it has to begin at the beginning (not always the same beginning any more than the same development) once more and develop by slow and patient steps; and this though the old achievements are still before the eyes of men. It is an everlasting, deeply interesting law, which has had no exception. Niccolò Pisano, splendid genius as he was, could no more have made a horse of the quality of the Roman horse than he could have designed an aeroplane. Italy was to wait before it got its Gattamelata. Meanwhile, of course, there were some few horses and horsemen riding through the centuries. One thinks of the St. Martin dividing his cloak in the lunette of the Duomo at Pisa (1280?); of the vigorous relief of the Mayor Tresseno (which should be better known) on the Merchants' Hall at Milan (thirteenth century); one remembers lovingly the little hexagon relief which, in 1334, Andrea Pisano affixed to illustrate "horsemanship" on the Campanile at Florence; of the figures on the tombs of the Scaligeri at Verona—though here there is more housing than horse; of the huge, uncouth presentment in the Museum at Milan of the savage Bernabo Visconti, whose love of animals took the peculiar form of feeding his hounds on the raw flesh of his subjects. But then, as the man said who had been battering his wife: "Why! she was my wife!"—they were his subjects. There is, in spite of all uncouthness—the horse is blocked out rather than carved—a certain grandeur and mystery. It was fit that such an incomprehensible savage should be so given to us. But if Bernabo had been alive when it was made, I fancy there would shortly have been one less artist (Bonino da Campione?) in the world and one more meal inside the hounds. There are other immature but very quaint and enjoyable efforts after horse-making scattered in North Italy. But it is from Florence—who wonders?—that the true masterpieces were presently to come. Before we get to that let me remind my readers of a man whose work—if they love horses and birds and honest artists, and if they have in them some of the knowledge of a man with the memories of a child—will give perpetual and kindly pleasure: I mean the lovable old Florentine Paolo Uccello (1397-1475).

His work is to be seen in the huge fresco in the Duomo of Sir John Hawkwood, the condottiere, bosom friend of that other British free lance, "the old brigand," as the French called him, Sir Robert Knollys. Whatever ruffianisms were possible to a free lance captain of those days were at the finger-ends of these two gentlemen, of whom Hawkwood did the behests of the truculent Urban VI. He has been restored, removed from wall to canvas and so on, but still retains, he and his horse, a fine sense of simple expressiveness. But if the reader would see for himself how Paolo handled a horse, let him go into the National Gallery, where, in the very first room he will find the old animalier's vision of the battle of St. Egidio (there is a companion not so fine in Florence), where Carlo Malatesta and his nephew were surprised and captured by the Condottiere Braccio di Montone. Was ever anything so naïf and so delightful outside of a Noah's Ark? And it is great work, moreover—let there be no mistake about that—great work with all its deliberate limitations. Great decoration, great colour (in its kind), a great design (the setting of the spears is as subtly used as in the "Surrender of Breda," by Velazquez). And the horses! They might have been hewn out of wood, with the rounded parts cut square. Is anyone so foolish as to think that Paolo pretended horses were made like that? He had no care for surface or texture, and leaves it at that. He presumes an equal intelligence in the spectator. That is what the fighting men and horses were like in his day, and Landseer and Herring, for all their great skin-painting and anatomy, would not have given it to you better.

But the old artist found no follower on the road to seeing horses as they are. A glance at the group of small bronzes from South Kensington, placed in this article out of their order, since

all are from several generations later than Paolo, will show that the late Renaissance horse came down in no such line, but is a descendant from the classical horse, or what the Renaissance sculptor had crystallised into an idea of the classical horse. But more about these in another article.

G. S. DAVIES.

LESSONS FROM AN OLD SEA WAR

The Navy in the War of 1739-48, by H. W. Richmond, Rear-Admiral. Three vols., illustrated. (Cambridge University Press, 126s. net.)

ONE is reminded by these three well filled volumes of an anecdote related by Mahan concerning the visit of a journalist to him at the Naval War College. On the wall of the College hung a plan of Trafalgar, and the man, with a glance of pity, said: "Still talking about Trafalgar, I see." It is quite likely that many people, looking at this work on the Navy in the war of 1739-48, by the President of our own Naval War College, will be reminded of the story of Jenkins' ear, because that is to be found in most school histories, and will turn from this ancient tale with the contemptuous sniff of the New York reporter. Yet everyone now realises that Mahan, with metaphorically a plan of Trafalgar in his hand, read the world a lesson which has borne fruit abundantly. As a shrewd observer, who admits that at first he found Mahan's books dry and technical, has said: "What happened at Trafalgar did not seem to us to be of any immediate interest, but a little later came another Trafalgar at Jutland, and the British victory there saved the world, so that we may now see the direct connection between the wars of the past and the events of to-day." So, too, there are important lessons, as Admiral Richmond shows, to be drawn from this almost forgotten war of the Austrian succession. This nine years' war began with what were then described as reprisals, brought about by the action of the cruisers of Spain in the restriction of trade with her colonies. For some time there were fights at sea without a declaration of war having been made. Before this came, in fact, Vernon had been ordered to attack Spanish commerce in the West Indies, while Haddock's squadron at the other end held up the outgoing and intercepted the homecoming trade and protected Gibraltar and Minorca. War was formally declared by England in a proclamation dated October 19th, 1739. France almost at once showed her hostility to this course, but at first restricted herself to a watching policy, and it was not until the end of 1740 that the struggle became general between France and Spain as the principal antagonists on the one side and ourselves on the other. In his introduction, Admiral Richmond tells us that this book was begun in 1907, but, owing to his scanty opportunities for the work, it was not finished until August, 1914, when it would have appeared, had it not been for the outbreak of war. Although, as he suggests, the story "affords many analogies with, and abundant matter for comment on the course of the war with Germany, it has been thought best to issue it as originally written, without any knowledge of the events which lay so close ahead." As in the recent war, England was committed to Continental intervention, although there was strong opposition by those who advocated the strategy of a purely maritime and colonial war, and the consequence was that the sea strategy was largely affected by the varying fortunes of the struggle on land. When the strength of the British Navy, as Admiral Richmond says, and the individual efficiency of its seamen are considered in relation to the divided forces, wrong ideas and inefficiency with which it was opposed, "it is impossible not to regret that such great advantages should so largely have been thrown away by those who had to make use of our formidable weapon. What actually brought us through the war with some measure of success, was that the enemy made more mistakes than we did."

Tactical lessons of large professional value are drawn by the author from the operations against the French and Spanish colonial strongholds by Vernon, Ogle, Pocock and Warren; from the indecisive battle for which both Mathews, Lestock (second-in-command) and many of their captains were tried by court-martial; and from the victories of Hawke and Anson in home waters. But there is also a wider teaching in the conduct and management of the war by Ministers of the day. It was to the Navy that the multifarious duties connected with the control of the sea communications fell. It was called upon to protect the transport of troops, both our own and those of the Allies, to deny to the enemy the use of the sea, to cut off his overseas commerce; and, defensively, to protect the Kingdom, its trade and Colonies. That it was enabled to do this successfully, after the early unfortunate miscarriages, was the main factor in securing peace. So diminished was the French and Spanish shipping that, as Anson remarked, Mostyn in a three months' cruise in the Bay "had seen but one insignificant vessel of the enemy's for the last ten weeks." The reasons for the Navy's success being deferred were of a twofold nature, strategic and tactical. "Strategically," says the author, "no clear policy existed as to how the fleet was to be employed; and, when a policy had been decided upon, the best means of putting it into effect were not adopted. . . . A want of tactical skill may be atoned for by courage and conduct; but individual bravery is powerless to avert the ill-results brought about by defective strategy. An inefficient preparation before the war, and a mistaken direction during the greater part of its course by the representatives of the Government and the Admiralty were at the bottom of the subsequent miscarriages. In the face of obstacles of so fundamental a nature the best personnel and material are, and always must be, helpless to achieve success." Admiral Richmond, who is now our only Naval historian—that is to say, a historical writer who has had actual war experience at sea—has a vigorous and incisive style. He is meticulously accurate in regard to facts, which he presents with lucidity. Particularly attractive are his descriptions of naval occurrences, and his conclusions are always characterised by a judicial tone and an impartial spirit. The care exercised in explaining the mutually dependent influence of the operations on land and at sea is apparent throughout the book, which is certainly neither dull nor dry. An excellent set of plans and a good index add to its usefulness.

A CANINE JOHN BULL

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.

AMID the inevitable fluctuations of fortune brought about by changing tastes, a few breeds of dogs retain a striking hold upon the affections of the British public. The ubiquitous fox-terrier, in his humbler aspect a common object of the countryside, and a refined little aristocrat when the blood of champions courses through his veins, is never likely to suffer from neglect, and so, too, with the bulldog, a clumsy, rollicking, good-natured lump of fidelity. These two breeds, dissimilar though they are, have kept steadily to the front during the forty odd years that may be termed the show era. Collies and St. Bernards, which at one time excelled them in numbers, are now but shadows of their former glory. The popularity of the bulldog, I imagine, arises from the fact that his name is synonymous with courage, and that he possesses certain solid virtues which, it is claimed, entitle him to be known as the national dog—the John Bull of dogdom. If one cared to be meticulous it might be urged that the proud title of "national" more correctly belongs to the mastiff, one of our most ancient breeds, and similar in many attributes to the bulldog, but he is too much under a cloud to put up any sort of fight for his rights.

The bulldog has a disreputable past. After the brutal pastime—I will not call it sport—of bull-baiting had been prohibited by law, becoming the associate of the lowest orders, he was generally known as the pothouse dog, a term of opprobrium

which well describes his social status down to fifty years ago. Few writers had anything that was complimentary to say about him. Indeed, he has had little place in literature outside that dealing with his specialised vocation. The only man within my recollection who had a good word for him until recent times was Christopher Smart, the eighteenth century poet:

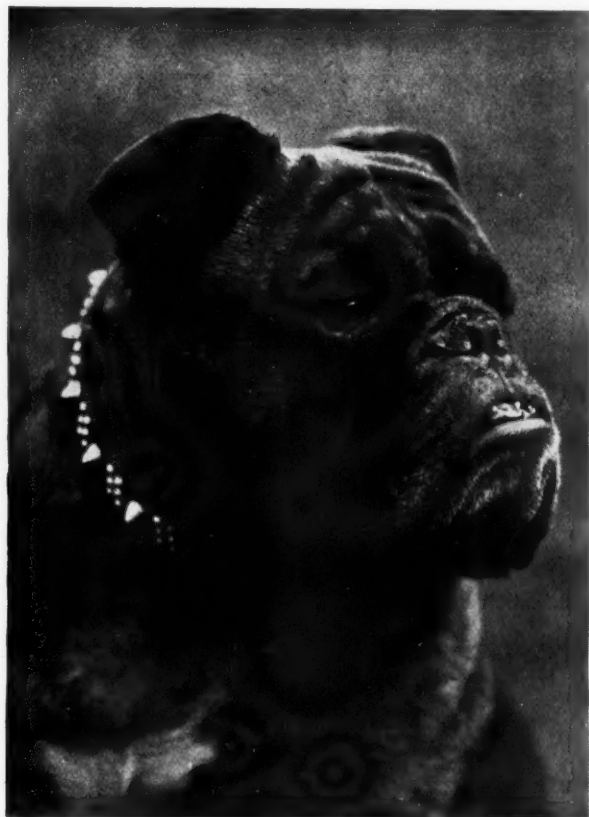
Well, of all dogs it stands confessed
You English bull-dogs are the best;
I say it and will set my hand to't,
Camden records it, and I'll stand to't.

That the outward characteristics of the dog, as well as the mental, have undergone considerable changes is beyond dispute. If old prints count for anything in the way of testimony his brutalised nature was apparent in his face, which was then longer than it is with the moderns. The nose did not recede then as it does now, although it had an upward inclination, brought about by the pronounced indentation or "stop" below the eyes. In other respects the difference is not so marked. There was the same massive fore-end, and the tapering hindquarters, which we like to get, but sometimes miss. He had the same breadth of skull, too, and small ears, with a thin, tapering tail instead of the horrid little crooked appendage which frequently

does duty now. He carried no lumber. All was solid bone and muscle, and he looked capable of any feats of endurance. In this respect most of the modern animals have sadly degenerated. Occasionally, however, we meet some that can walk or spring,



ISOLT OF BRITAIN.



T. Fall.

Champion Sweet September.



Champion Tintagel.

CONSPICUOUSLY EXCELLENT HEADS.

Copyright.



Champion Tintagel.



Champion Sweet September.

LOOKING THE PART TO PERFECTION.

and that look the part to perfection. My hat goes off to them, and were I to meet them in the judging ring I should be sadly tempted to ignore any minor failings in the head properties, which most judges are so insistent upon. Those belonging to Mrs. Surtees Monkland, which are illustrated this week, are conspicuously excellent in these respects, and their owner is in the happy position of having got the approved heads as well. Montem Susie, Tintagel and Sweet September are all perfectly sound and active, showing wide, sturdy, natural fronts, and strength behind the shoulder and in the loins.

The present day head seems to have come by a process of development, each succeeding generation having tried to get the foreface shorter, the under-jaw wider, and with a more pronounced upward sweep. I should not care to say that these changes would tend to give the dog a better grip on a bull, although I freely admit that he has a terrible hold when he once gets there. Most of the business work must be done by the formidable canine teeth, the incisors often being defective. We all know the story of the theological student who, asked to give an instance of the interposition of Providence into the affairs of the animal kingdom, mentioned the bulldog, whose nose was so

constructed as to enable him to breathe while hanging on to the bull. The theory is, I believe, that the present nose is more suited to the purpose than the old. Without pushing the matter to such a conclusion, I am prepared to contend that heads to-day are an improvement as regards appearance, and that is the chief thing since bull running is never to be revived. An enthusiast once declared to me that the upward inclination of the lower jaw gave more power, and he pointed out that the formation is an inversion of that of the beaks of birds of prey.

The late Dr. Sidney Turner, in the very last article he wrote, started an interesting line of speculation about the peculiar

shape of heads of bulldogs, Pekingese, pugs and toy spaniels. It is apparent that they are further removed from Nature than other heads. How did they come about? Referring to the recent discoveries of the influence on growth exerted by the interstitial glands, he suggested that the abnormality may arise from defective thyroid secretion, which would stunt and alter the shape of the body, while anything wrong with the pituitary gland in the brain may cause the hypertrophic enlargement of the jaws. The moral of his text was that care must be exercised by breeders in making their artificial selection, not to ignore the



T. Fall.

CHAMPION MONTEM SUSIE.

Copyright.

laws of Nature. Possibly we may have here an explanation of the fact that, generally speaking, bulldogs are not long lived, and the breeder is usually confronted with disappointments that tax the patience to the utmost. Very often they are of his own making, for if he will breed from strains that have suffered from want of proper exercise, and that have been produced under unnatural conditions, he must expect trouble. Were he to discard ruthlessly all the dogs that are palpably unsound, and use only those that will bear the test of inspection, as those on this page will do, the race would soon benefit materially.

I do not know whether it was luck or judgment that induced Mrs. Surtees Monkland to start the Datchet kennels upon such a solid foundation as Ch. Montem Susie, whom she bought as a youngster from her breeder, Captain J. B. Walker of Slough, in the autumn of 1914. I think it must have been the latter, because Mrs. Monkland has been singularly fortunate in the selection of sires as well. Susie's shapely body, strong bone, well formed head and general freedom of movement tell their own tale—she has been well bred and well reared. Her maternal grandfather, Hollywell British, was always a favourite of mine on account of his soundness, and through him we get the "Stone" blood which



T. Fall.

Copyright.

A MASS OF WRINKLE AT EIGHT WEEKS OLD.

A puppy by Sweet September—Isolt.

is so valuable. Susie earned her championship title this year, but her claims to fame will rest more upon the character of her progeny than anything she can ever do in the show ring. That she has produced two champions to different sires proves her to be one of those rare matrons that can seldom do wrong. The very first litter that Mrs. Monkland bred from her to Ch. Challenger contained Ch. Sweet September, All's Well and Irish Challenger. Sweet September is a perfect little model, coming in the 45lb. class or under, and his fawn brother, All's Well, now owned by Miss Reoch, is not far behind him. In the very next litter, this time to Thornwood King Arthur, came the heavyweight Ch. Tintagel, as well as the late Son o' Susie. Two champions in less than a year!

Mrs. Monkland finds the rearing of bull puppies as difficult as other breeders find it, although her kennel methods are well thought out, and every care is taken, alike in feeding the expectant mother and in treating the puppies when they arrive. "The

best of everything" is her motto. She considers the bulldog one of the most affectionate and companionable of dogs, and he has the further recommendation of being absolutely free from vice or treachery. This I can confirm from my own experience.

POEMS OF THE OPEN AIR

LET us begin with the most modest of the three little books lying before us. It is called "The Three Hoers And Other Verses From a Sussex Cottage" (Sidgwick and Jackson). No example of the elemental simplicity of this charming book is better than the little poem which gives the volume its name. Here are the first three verses:

Ho! Ho! up we go,
To and fro, to and fro.

Hoe the bindweed, hoe the thistle,
Sing an' hoe, an' hoe an' whistle,
Three ol' maties in a row,
Tom an' Dick an' Georgio.

Six brown arms as brown as berries,
Three ol' heads that never worries
Tom an' Dick an' Georgio,
Ho! ho! up with a hoe.

Set aside the hazel cover,
Set an' dine with one another,
Three ol' nabobs in a row,
Swig an' carve the tokio.

Our next book, "Ships and Folks" (Elkin Mathews), deals with the open air of the sea. It is by Miss Fox Smith, whose right hand has certainly not forgot its cunning. There are few who know their ships and their seas and their sea-folk better. The rhyme of the *Rio Grande* is not the best of her work, but very typical of it.

Bringin' home the *Rio Grande*, her as used to be
Crack o' Moore, Mackellar's line, back in ninety-three—
First of all the 'Frisco fleet home in ninety-eight;
Ninety days to Carrick Roads from the Golden Gate;
Thirty shellbacks used to have all their work to do
Haulin' them big yards of hers, heavin' of her to
Down off Dago Ramirez, where the big winds blow,
Bringin' home the *Rio Grande* twenty years ago!

In the unpretentiously named "Hunting Jingles" (The Press Printers) Richard Northcott has had the taste to call up again many of our old favourites, as, for instance, William Williams, composer of "The Hunting Day."

For I will go a-hunting to-day,
There's a fox in the spinney they say,
We shall find him and get him away,
I'll be first in the rush,
And ride hard for the brush,
So I must go a-hunting to-day.

Among the others it is difficult to make the small selection which space permits, but as conveying the very spirit of hunting we would select Rowland Egerton-Warburton's "The Little Red Rover":

The dewdrop is clinging
To whin-bush and brake;
The skylark is singing
"Merrie hunters, awake!"
Home to the cover
Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

"D'ye ken John Peel," of which one can say, as of Cleopatra, "age does not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety," is the hunting song *par excellence*; and if we are allowed, after knowing it for a lifetime, to choose the best verse, here it is:

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal, and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

From Whyte Melville we would select "The Clipper That Stands in the Stall at the Top."

A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown;
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town!
What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop!
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson calls his latest book "Neighbours" (Macmillan). It contains a very miscellaneous assortment of his verses, reflecting, we surmise, some of the poet's activities in wartime. The first selection conforms most strictly to the title of the book. It begins with a poignant lament of a bride taken away from her home and missing the familiar sounds:

I've never lain in bed
Without the voice of water calling clear.
Save when the West wind drowned it, in my ear;
And now I cannot sleep: the darkness lies
Heavily as a deadweight on my eyes,
As though I lay deep-buried underground
With ears that strained to catch the faintest sound
Of wind in grass or water over stones:
The silence steals like ice into my bones
And numbs my body, freezing blood and breath
Till my heart flutters in the clutch of death.

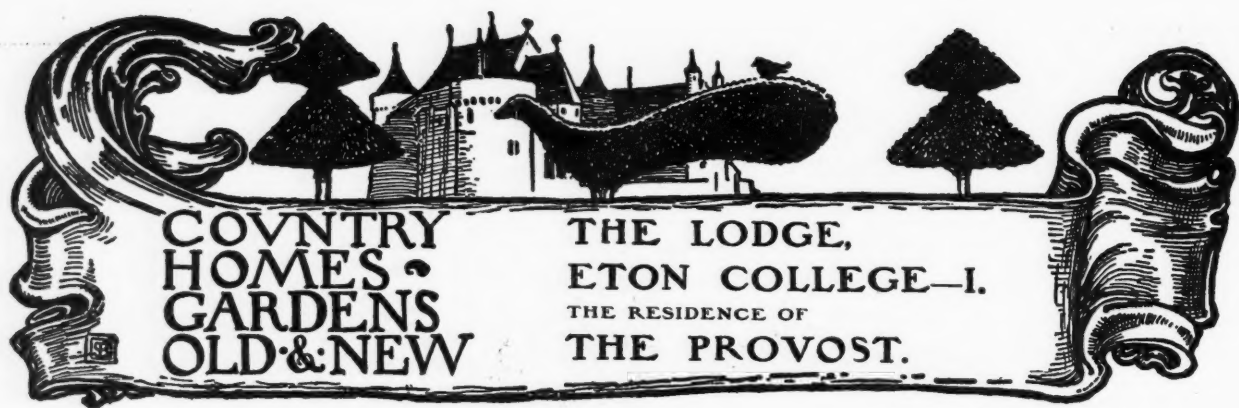
Those glimpses into the lives of a variety of characters show the poet at his very best. From the selection called "Casualties" we culled "Angus Armstrong":

Ghostly through the drifting mist the lingering snow-wreaths glimmer,
And ghostly comes the lych-owl's hunting cry,
And ghostly, with wet fleeces in the watery moon a-shimmer,
One by one the grey sheep slowly pass me by.

One by one through bent and heather disappearing in the hollow,
Ghostly shadows down the grassy track they steal;
And I dread to see them passing, lest a ghost behind them follow—
A ghost from Flanders follow, dog at heel.

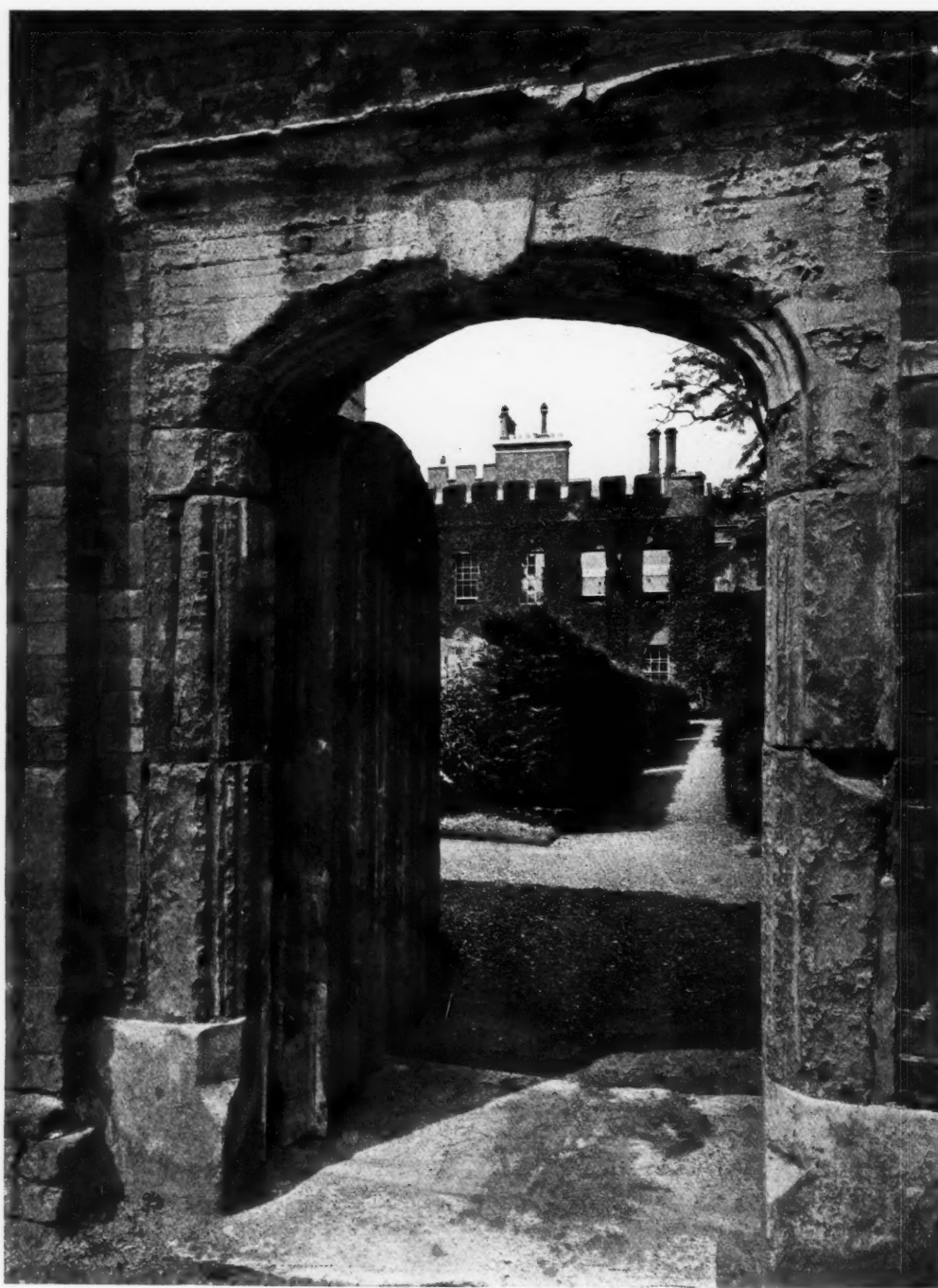
It is unnecessary to enlarge on the sympathy and art of this to admirers of Mr. Gibson. And here is a piece as touching and still more unexpected, simply headed "Alan Gordon":

Roses he loved and their outlandish names—
Gloire de Dijon, Léonie Lamesch,
Château du Clos Vougeot—like living flames
They kindled in his memory afresh
As, lying in the mud of France, he turned
His eyes to the grey sky, light after light:
And last within his dying memory burned
Château du Clos Vougeot's deep crimson night.



OF the thousands who visit Eton during the year, passing through School Yard and under Lupton's Tower, whether it be those who come to revive the memories of youth or those whom the charm of the place has, perhaps, lured away from Windsor Castle, few realise the story of the Lodge, where the building begins, where it ends, or what it contains.

The portion of the College buildings set apart for the Provosts of Eton has shifted and expanded till it now lies roughly in the form of a cross, 250ft. long north and south, the west arm extending into the scholars' building and the east arm midway along the north side of the cloisters. The shaft of this cross forms the east side of School Yard (Fig. 2). On the right, upon part of the site intended by Henry VI, the Founder, for



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1.—ENTRANCE FROM PLAYING FIELDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—LUPTON'S TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Provost's "loginge," there stands a square tower, this and the two-storeyed buildings which join it on the east with College Hall and on the north with Lupton's Tower appear to have been inhabited by Provost Lupton as soon as they were complete. This wing, including the clock tower and Election Hall, took from 1513 to 1520 to build. The south end is connected with the College Hall by a semicircular flight of stone steps which, together with the doorway leading thereto, are the Founder's work (1440) and mark the boundary between his building and Lupton's.

The designers of Lupton's Tower have in their work not only combined grace and strength, but have most happily balanced its bulk against the surrounding buildings, and it appears neither to compete with the Chapel nor to be dwarfed thereby. When first built the turrets were crowned by battlements as in the tower at the bottom of St. James' Street, but the present bell-lanterns are not uninspired, and few would wish them away. At any rate, the tower affords a splendid approach to the domestic buildings of the College. Fig. 1 shows the approach from the opposite direction. Those who have walked through the playing fields towards Eton and were about to enter the cloisters may have noticed a closed

pattern and others of the Georgian period, which, without doubt, admit more light and perhaps more air than their predecessors.

The top storey was added in 1758. The brickwork, though it has toned down to nearly the same average of colour as that below, is clearly distinguishable from it, the bricks being of modern dimensions. The dark vitrified "headers" are, on closer inspection, of a very different texture to those which form the lozenge and other quaint forms upon the original walls. The fact that the top storey windows are built with stone frames and with hood mouldings indicates a sympathy with earlier forms, but the mouldings are a definite departure therefrom.

Bearing in mind the proportions of Lupton's two-storeyed buildings (Fig. 2), no great effort is necessary to imagine the original aspect of this façade, for it was battlemented, and the brickwork of the towers is easily discernible. The chimney-stacks were octagonal and probably of brick.

There seems from an early date to have been a garden here, similar in area to the present; an old print shows the existing garden as a square, divided into quarters by paths. The present lay-out is essentially formal, but this formality is disturbed by various interesting trees, planted apparently without



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3—GARDEN FAÇADES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

door on their right. The stonework of the doorway is probably of Elizabethan date. Within, a yew-flanked path leads towards a building erected in 1765. There is a record to the effect that upon this site once stood "Our Master's Gallery," and the date attributed to it is 1548-49, soon after the installation of Sir Thomas Smith.

It is not widely known that the Lodge contains a large collection of pictures, about half of which are contained in the first floor of the building above referred to (Figs. 5, 6 and 7). These portraits are all of Etonians, and were for, the most part, presented on leaving the school. The collection dates back over a hundred years and comprises some excellent examples of the works of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Beechey and other painters of merit. It is a splendid array and unique in character. (The collection is fully catalogued in the volume entitled "Eton Portraits," by Dr. Lionel Cust, published by Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Company.)

In Fig. 3 the east arm of the cross is shown, and on this façade the windows are of some interest. On the left, half hidden by the hedge, is a Founder's window, of which particular type there are, alas! but few examples remaining, considering that there must have been from forty to fifty of them on the north and river façades. However, they have been displaced by fairly proportioned sash windows, some of the Queen Anne

any regard to plan. Through this garden one may picture Provost Wotton, ex-Ambassador at Venice and friend of Izaak Walton, passing on his way to the river to fish; he "would rather live five May months than forty Decembers."

Considerable changes in the use of many rooms took place soon after Sir Thomas Smith became Provost. He was the first married Provost, and to him is due the expansion into the scholars' building, out of which, in 1547, a kitchen and other offices for the Lodge were made. This change is not visible from the school yard, but from the small courtyard that divides the two blocks the point is clearly to be seen where Henry VIII's is grafted on to Henry VI's work. This "Kytchen Yarde" is unfortunately but seldom seen, for it has a picturesque quality of its own. On the west side, in octagonal form, is a low turret which led up to the lodging of the "ostiarius," and the Henry VIII chimney stands between two original windows. The kitchen which these windows help to light is not without interest. The archway spanning the fire opening is surmounted by a spit-rack of generous scale, and the Founder's beams across the ceiling are made secure by an oak column and pedestal, rough and freely treated. From the south wall of the kitchen some plaster was recently removed, revealing what, perhaps, is the only example of early internal mural decoration in these buildings. It consists of a roughly



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4.—LUPTON'S TOWER, LEADING TO CLOISTER ENTRANCES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

painted imitation of an external brick design—a dark pink background, traversed with a diamond pattern in blue.

The two western windows of the Parlour look out upon the "Kytchen Yarde" and the roof of a passage which probably connected a former front door in the angle of the cloisters with the main stairs. This staircase leads up in dignified fashion through the south-west tower to the Parlour (Fig. 10), which is the centre of the house and lies at the meeting of the arms of the cross. This room seems to have been more lived in than any other in the house, and has been decorated and altered at various times. A pair of small windows and a door of original oak, discovered in 1909, appear to have opened into a lobby which would have projected perhaps some eight or ten feet

as at the north end of the room, replacing original mullioned windows. Later on, however, the west windows were bricked up and the north window remodelled, as may be seen in Fig. 3.

It was in 1909 that several coats of paint were cleaned off the panelling and the oak portion of it dropped to its original position, the west windows at the same time being opened and built in stone with the Founder's detail. Several Tudor fireplaces were discovered in that year, and the example in the Parlour is framed in and surmounted by decorated woodwork, presumably of the same date as the panelling. In 1853 it was painted, as well as the ceiling, with heraldic shields and devices. Over the fireplace this decoration is of a mellow tone and affords a good background for the small oil painting of the Founder,



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5.—ANTE-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

into the room. If this existed, it was cleared away in early days, perhaps when the room acquired the name "Magna Parlura." It is recorded that a new floor was laid here in 1609, that it was wainscoted in 1624-25 in Provost Wotton's time, and that sash windows were introduced in 1690.

Not long after this several of the main rooms were treated in the large-panelled and boldly moulded fashion of the time. Fortunately, the 1624 panelling remained in the Parlour, but it was raised some three feet upon a deal dado and topped by a cornice of classical detail, a portion of which remains on the chimney-breast. Also in 1690 it appears that sash windows, probably with thick bars, as occur elsewhere in the house, were put in the west wall on either side of the fireplace as well

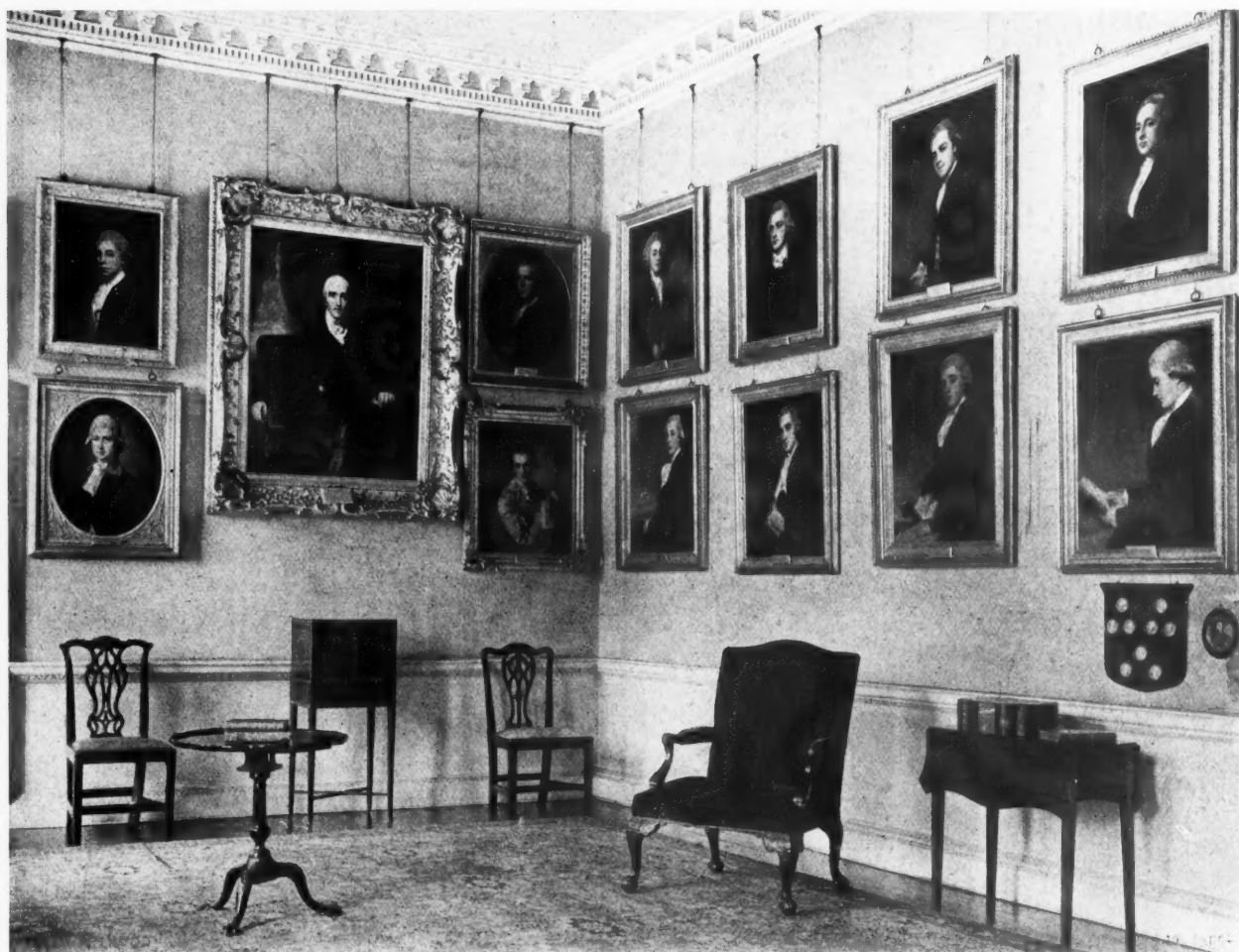
who seems to preside over an assembly of sovereigns and personages that hang upon the other walls—Richard III, Diane de Poitiers (passing here as Jane Shore), Henry V, Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth I and Essex. Opposite the Founder there are three Provosts: Sir Henry Savile, who set up a printing press for Greek books in the building over the way now called Savile's, or sometimes "the seven chimneys," and who concerned himself much in the revival of the study of mathematics and astronomy at Oxford. This painting reveals Savile as a tall and courtly figure, and does not contradict the record that he was a remarkably handsome man. Of Sir Henry Wotton mention has already been made. His portrait reflects an intelligent expression, lit up by a somewhat whimsical smile.



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6.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

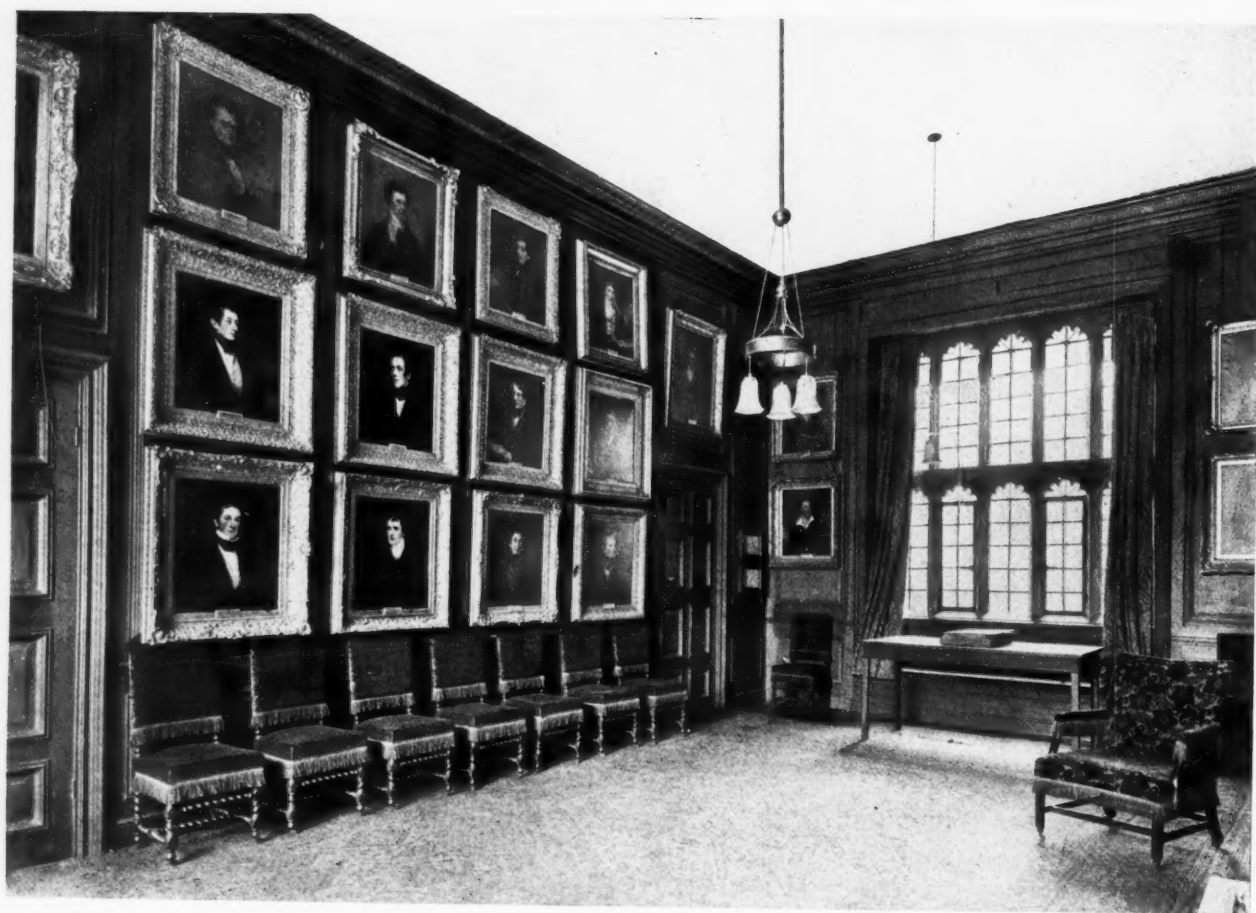
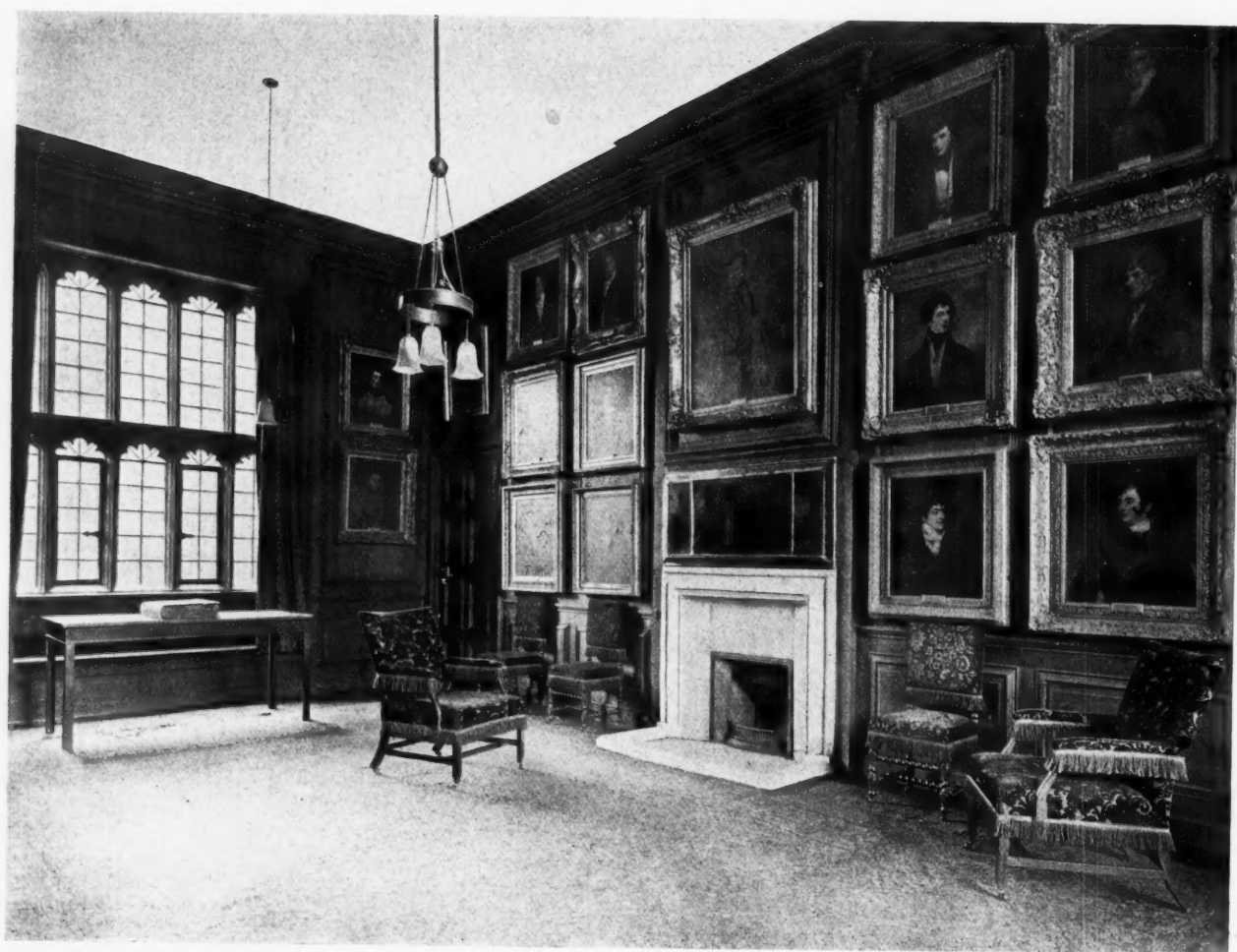
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8 and 9.—ELECTION CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It was he who said that an ambassador was one who was sent to lie abroad for the good of his country—a remark which was not well received in some quarters. Sir Francis Rous is depicted as Speaker of the Barebones Parliament. He is holding the Mace, and is wearing the hat which on one occasion he refused to remove when Cromwell entered the House. Facing him is Provost Allestree, whose absence of good looks was the means of bringing him one day before Charles II, so the tale runs. A bet had been laid that there could not, within half an hour, be found an uglier man than Lauderdale. Allestree was at the moment on Westminster Bridge, and on being ushered into the presence at Whitehall was greeted with a roar of laughter. The Provostship being vacant, the King, to make amends, appointed Allestree, whose people he discovered had suffered in the Royal cause. The dress in which Elizabeth (if Elizabeth it be) is here painted is very dark and is so different from the gorgeous apparel which she usually affected as to suggest that the portrait is of Mary Queen of Scots, but the features do not support the theory.

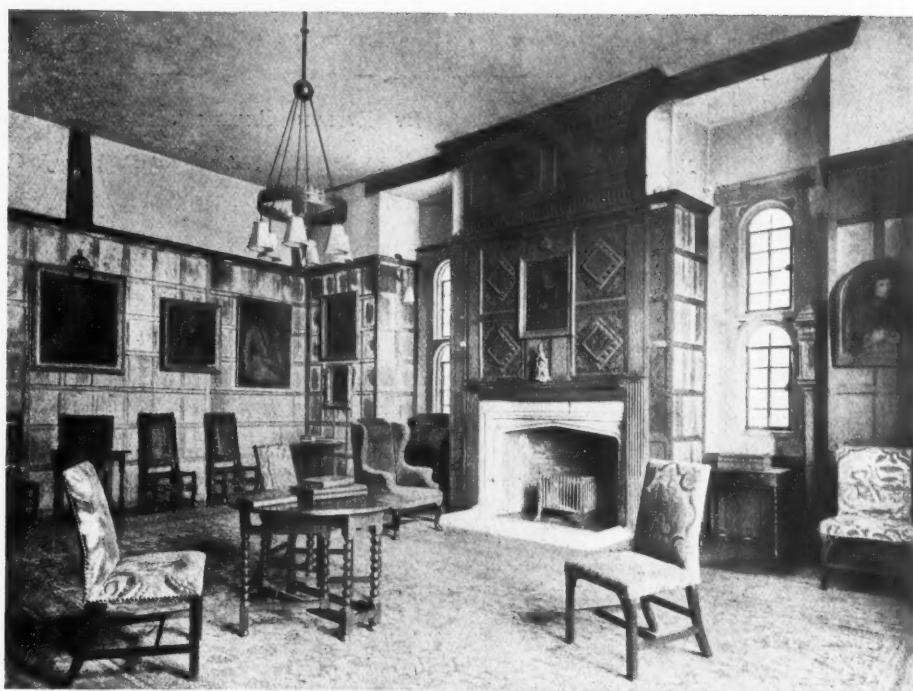
Election Chamber occupies the first floor of Lupton's Tower (Figs. 8 and 9). It may have been the Provost's study originally and later a dining-room. The ceiling was raised 2ft. when the Queen Anne oak panelling was put in. Latterly it gained its present name. Many collegers have been here "gowned"—a term used for the ceremony of admission.

The woodwork of this room is very formal in design, the two south doors leading respectively to the guest rooms and to a lobby, sometimes called Jane Shore's room, which connects by an ample door with the college library; through this a complete circuit can be made round the cloister buildings on the first floor.

The only variation from symmetry that occurs in Election Chamber is the bow window. From this window can be seen the Founder's statue, guarded on the left by the chapel, which, from this sharp angle of view, has the look of a splendid cliff. To the front lies Upper School, which forms a quiet and dignified link between the chapel and the scholars' building.

These are the things that can be seen from the oriel window of Election Chamber, the calm of which the voice of the college clock seems only to intensify.

EDMOND L. WARRE.



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10—PARLOUR (MAGNA PARLURA).

"C.L."



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11.—OVER THE PARLOUR FIREPLACE.
The founder's portrait.

"C.L."

ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY

By EVELYN CHEESMAN.

Illustrated by photographs taken at the Scottish Zoological Park by J. C. McKechnie.



The Elephant: "Who wants to go a walk when he's got a garden like this?"

IT is a remarkable fact that there are certain types of visitors to the Zoological Gardens who only go to pity the animals. Their motive for doing so is not easily grasped. For if they were really pained to see animals confined in limited spaces they would not go at all. Or if it roused their passion to that extent which their words would lead us to suppose, then, surely, the sight of the captives would change them into raving lunatics, and they would fling themselves upon the bolts and bars

Among the literature of to-day natural history fills an important position. Most of it is good and sound, but here and there is a tendency to let sentiment tamper with the facts, and the result is misleading. Who can read unmoved Keith Henderson's impassioned lines written upon the "Zoo":

They have trapped and taken us into their clutches,
And till we die,
Here in their barred-up nightmare hutches
We are to lie,
Eating our hearts out, dreaming of things
Done upon dim dew-wanderings.



The Lioness: "I shall be quite good tempered again when I've had lunch."

and, perhaps, tear them down with the superhuman strength of a religious fanatic or the demonstrative enthusiasm of a Suffragette! Fortunately for the society, their indignation does not take violent form. One occasion certainly is on record when some exhibits were liberated, but in that case the action was not premeditated.

A group of these ultra-sensitive mortals were watching the butterflies busy among the flowers in the Butterfly House. "Oh, poor things!" they cried in varying keys; "shut in here with nothing to eat. How I should love to let them all out; but I am always like that, I am, I never can bear to see anything suffer!"

And they passed on to the Elephant House, where they could be heard lamenting in chorus that the ribs of the rhinoceros were showing through his skin. After their departure some butterflies flew out of the Butterfly House, and investigation showed that they were escaping through holes in the side, caused by monkey nuts having been conscientiously forced through the netting!



The Brown Bear: "These really are the best children—no trouble at all."



The Macaque Monkey : "I'm not hungry
—only greedy."



The Ring-tailed Lemur : "People are always saying
nice things about my tail."



"And my white waistcoat is much
admired."



The Otter : "You can't get at me here with your horrid hounds."



The Sea Lion : "Don't you wish you were a mermaid?"



"The sun makes you feel so deliciously sleepy."

And if some grow fat and a few go breeding,
And some forget,
There are nevertheless, great black hearts bleeding
And savage yet,
Scared with a hungering, endless pain,
"God! Let us out to the dawn again!"

Haunted by this vision of wretchedness we creep guiltily among the animals, looking for the symptoms which have hitherto escaped our dull perception. But to the unpoetic, home-sickness and heart-hunger are not so easily discernible in the animals at the "Zoo." Really, it would be a positive relief if one could imagine some of the animals—the "ring-tailed 'coon," for instance, and most of the monkeys—suffering from any kind of hunger at the end of the day. No need to look for signs of moping in the mother bear, suckling her cubs away up on the rocks; every line of her spells content, even if we failed to notice that expressive look, whenever she watches her grotesque darlings.

But what of the rollicking sea-lion? Ought we not to detect a note of home-sickness in his bark, and are his gambols, perhaps, daily attempts at suicide, which he never quite brings off? There

is a far-away look in the eyes of the lioness as she gazes above the heads of the crowd. She is, perhaps, visualising her lost home at this moment, and saddened by memories of scenes enacted during those "dim, dew-wanderings." Gradually the dreamy expression changes to one of fierce concentration, and now even human ears are conscious of the rumble of the keeper's barrow with its gory freight!

It is fatally easy to attribute to animals emotions and sentiments belonging to the higher mentality of mankind; but there is nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by doing so. There need not really be much uncertainty as to whether a wild animal is happy. It settles the question for itself very definitely, for if an animal is unhappy it mopes and dies; but if it feeds and does itself well it cannot be unhappy. When once an animal mopes it is most difficult to rouse. It would be useless to apply means that might prove efficacious with a human being in like condition. Only a companion or a change of diet is likely to save it; for it has no power of interesting itself in small matters; that belongs to a higher order of beings. A prisoner once ward off insanity by watching a spider. An animal captive would have soon pined and died of boredom—incidentally, it might have eaten the spider first.

A PRIME ESSENTIAL IN RACING

WHY STARTS ARE BAD AND WHY THEY SHOULD BE GOOD.



BUNCHED IN BETWEEN DOLLS.

This method is a general one in France and has been tried at Newmarket, where the course is exceptionally wide.

NOW that the curtain has been lowered on flat racing and the idle hours of reflection are upon us at this season of the year, the moment is not inopportune for dwelling on some features of a sport which attracts many of us—those features which seem to call for quiet discussion and reasonable reform. It is, no doubt, a most platitudinous thing to say that the question of starting is one of the most troublesome of all essentials connected with horse racing. As a constant observer of racing one is made to realise this day after day, though it is only fair to say that some improvement has been

noted of late. There was a time this year, in the spring and summer months, when the starting was so ragged and gravely unsatisfactory as to be a reproach to those responsible for the conduct of racing. I recall an occasion when the two year old Milesius, the only grey horse in a large field at Newbury, was left with his head turned the other way as his jockey was engaged in turning him quietly round to come into line. The horse had been exemplary in his behaviour. His owner afterwards complained to the Stewards of the starter's act in letting the field go without his horse, and the defendant's reply was that he did not see the horse. It was a feeble excuse, which the local Stewards



W. A. Ruch.

WELL AWAY!

An example of what the starter must aim at every time.

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Breaking the tapes. A too frequent incident, and a cause of bad temper in men and horses.



A deplorable instance of a start at Kempton Park this year. What possible justification was there for this?



Another unhappy despatch. Could anything be worse?



Left at the post. Ragged and incoherent. Note the presence of the incorrigible again.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF BAD STARTS.

W. A. Rouch.

Copyright.

had to accept. Thus the owner got no satisfaction. The only ones who did were the bookmakers, who had laid heavy wagers against the horse and who had won them because the starter had not realised the horse was not in a position to start. Then there was the very unsatisfactory case of Tangiers and the Liverpool Summer Cup. They are striking instances of the risks an owner must overcome before he can hope to win a race. He is prepared to put up with all the risks of training, even with fallibility in jockeyship, but it is hard indeed that owner, trainer, jockey and horse should be defeated by inequalities that might have been avoided at the start.

I am not proposing to criticise the methods of starting, whether it is better to have a walk-up start rather than a start from a standstill. No one, I feel sure, would argue in favour of a return to the old system of starting by the flag. So we will leave out those questions and deal only with the human element of the problem. Let me dwell for a while on some of the everyday difficulties of the unhappy official on whom devolved the heavy responsibility of sending a lot of horses away in a dead line so that each may have an absolutely fair chance. Such is the theoretical ideal. It is what he must aim at in practice if the handicapper's nice adjustment of the weights is to count at all. For weeks before a big handicap we are weighing the chances of this horse and that horse and finally settling on one that seems on form to have 2lb. or 3lb. in hand of all others. But what does that small margin count if he should lose three or four lengths out of the starting gate either through his own bad behaviour, the sleepiness of his jockey, or the misjudgment of the starter whose hand controls the lever? For you must bear in mind that no time is wasted in these days. They go at top pressure from end to end. A horse can give weight to another, but giving distance through losing ground at the start is quite another matter. Monarch seemed to win the Middle Park Plate the other day because he started much quicker than any other horse. He was, of course, entitled to benefit from his possession of that important

a jockey would rather lose some ground at the start and then take a "feel" than have to take in a reef, possibly towards the other end with many race-glasses yielding an easy view of every detail. Such horse and jockey are contributory to the ragged start.

Of course, such tactics are most severely to be denounced. They are immoral. I say nothing of running a novice two year old to give him experience and what value there is in a race, but he must be out to win if he can, and the jockey who deliberately seeks to lose ground at the start should be dealt with in the sternest way. I have noticed Lord Lonsdale, a Steward of the Jockey Club, attending many starts at Newmarket. It is why, no doubt, starting there has improved, and I am certainly of opinion that the Hon. E. Willoughby, who usually officiates, and Captain H. Alison have been more successful this year than, say, in 1919. There should be one local Steward attending starts at all race meetings, but you never find one there by any chance. Many are too much concerned with touting owners and trainers and with betting. Names could be mentioned of prominent local Stewards, especially at southern meetings, who bet on nearly every race, but I forbear. It is scarcely within the purview of this article, except that it explains why there is no consistent Stewards' supervision of what passes at the starter's end.

The Jockey Club's starters named above have gained ground in winning the confidence of the jockeys. They trust each other. If the jockeys have no confidence in a starter, if they think he will let them down either out of poor judgment, bad temper, or revenge, there is sure to be trouble and bad starting. Take now some of the illustrations to this article. I give two examples of a good start. In the first you see the horses bunched between dolls and the lot given an equal chance, though I notice one or two horses being steadied rather suspiciously. The second picture is excellent in every way. It shows the moment when the tapes have shot upwards and the horses are striking off. The naturally quick beginners are apparent enough here, for soon they will have drawn out clear with a two or three lengths' lead.



W. A. Rouch. AN INDIFFERENT SEND-OFF WITH AN INCORRIGIBLE HORSE THAT NEVER INTENDED TO BE GOT OFF.

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virtue. Some horses are naturally so fast out of the gate that they will make a start look ragged. The starter must not be blamed for that. Do you recall what a wonder The Tetrarch was in his day? He was away in a flash and won all his races thus, leaving his field "stone cold" and going right away from a lot of unbalanced and straggling horses. Among the two year olds of 1920 I know of no faster horses out of the gate than Monarch and Pharmacie. They have illustrated how easy it is to make a start look ragged. On the other hand, there is the horse that lacks the facility of getting on his legs quickly. He is called a "slow beginner," and I would describe the two year old Lemonora, which won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, as such a horse. Imagine the effect on a start of a field composed of horses of both types. Then there is the horse that does not want to start because he hates racing. It may be that the pressure of racing gives him some physical pain which is certainly not apparent on the surface, or it may be that he has been severely handled by a jockey at some time. A horse's memory is long and vivid, and he does not propose to race again without making a protest which takes the form of angry antics at the post, running back, sharply wheeling, or resolutely refusing to walk up to the barrier. He is almost certain to be left.

Then, it is possible that some of the jockeys may not be keen on occasions to help the starter. They are probably on "green" or unbucked horses, or both, the idea being to give such horses—especially if they be two year olds—some experience in public. Beyond all question, a race in public will do more for some horses in teaching them what racing means and in really setting them alight than half a dozen stiff gallops at home. There is excitement in the one and only monotony in the other. It depends on a horse's temperament. Temperament varies in horses just as much as in human beings. Flesh and blood and brains are involved in both cases. Well, the point I want to make is that

I take as the third picture a familiar incident—breaking the tapes. Excess of zeal or lack of horsemanship may contribute to it. We can see what a bad start it would have been had the starter given the signal at that moment. The grey horse was particularly well away.

Now for some bad starts. The fourth picture is of an incident at Kempton Park in a two year old race this year. There is no need to give further details. It is not published with a view of paying a tribute to the starter's work. Shall I say he could not possibly have been at his best? It really is a sorry sight, and owners and backers of horses may be excused if they look upon it with a grim and cynical interest. Look, too, at the fifth illustration. One horse is turned absolutely the wrong way; another, in what looks like Lord Derby's colours, is starting slowly; the fifth from the right has jumped right across his neighbour; and probably the best out of the *mêlée* is third from the right in colours that might be Mr. Sol Joel's. The sixth illustration shows a muddled up start with one horse left standing. He is clearly an incorrigible that has decided to take no further interest in racing. The remaining illustration shows a horse badly left, with others going away in anything but the close and regular order as prescribed by the theory of starting.

The subject is one that needs constant watching by the authorities of racing. You need the best brains and the coolest head—a strong man, too, who can be assertive without being bad tempered. But, above all, I think, a lot of good can be done by closer supervision of starts by Stewards. Their obligations in this sense are neglected in an extraordinary way, except by Lord Lonsdale at Newmarket. The matter is so important that the wonder is the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not insist on it where local Stewards are concerned. I commend the point to them with all possible respect and with absolute belief in its prime importance.

PHILIPPOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HUNTER'S MOON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The brilliant hunter's moon of last month has brought over the migratory birds in greater numbers and earlier than I have often noticed. Fieldfares, redwing, the larger tit-mice and long-tailed tits are already stripping the hollies and American ash of their scarlet harvest. Never have I seen the woods more beautiful since the frosts have filled them with colour. Woodcock have arrived in quite unusual numbers. The shooting party at Wotton last Saturday, in the beat between the well known Wotton Hatch Hotel and Friday Street, beloved of Bank Holiday trippers, moved quite ten or a dozen woodcock, though, owing to the leaf being still so green, some few escaped to fight another day. Wild pheasants have done well. I note that birds are more forward and heavier than when hand reared and crowded by preservation. During the war vermin had increased, especially stoats, and the pernicious grey squirrel has found his way, via Richmond, from Regent's Park. Rabbits are fewer, but in splendid condition. I weighed one—4lb., and 3lb. plumped. I think that must be a record, and this not an old buck of many years' survival, but a young doe that had never bred. Here, again, the fewer there are the better the fare, which may account for weight. I never remember so heavy a one, though in my boyhood I have helped to kill thousands in the warren at Chequers Court, now given by Lord Lee to our Prime Ministers as a recreation ground. I suggest to Mr. Lloyd George that he can alleviate the cares of State by a day with the Bobbery Pack and the long nets out on the Beacon Hill.—RUSSELL ENGLAND.

SUPERSTITIONS OF SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The making of noise upon a frying-pan or kettle when bees swarm is an old Norman-French custom and was to *faire clameur* in order to give due notice to any neighbours upon whose trees the swarm might settle, and so entitle the owner to have the swarm without any question of trespass arising or dispute as to ownership. The usual practice was to use a large doorkey upon a frying-pan.—H. F. HEMMINGS.

TWO INDIAN TYPES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here are two photographs of two picturesque Indian types. The first comes from the country of the Turis on the British-Afghan frontier and shows a Turi tribesman going home from ploughing with his little girl. On his back he carries the wooden ploughshare.



TURI TRIBESMAN CARRYING HIS PLOUGH.

It only scratches the ground and makes the shallowest of furrows. In the second is a *chittacallah*—that is, a maker and seller of coarse grass matting. With him is his old mother, and on his heavily loaded pony he is carrying his stock of matting to the market at Parachinar.—A. P. ANDERSON.

GOATS IN DALMATIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It was in the little mediæval town of Trau, on the Dalmatian coast, that we found



THE MILK SUPPLY OF A DALMATIAN TOWN.

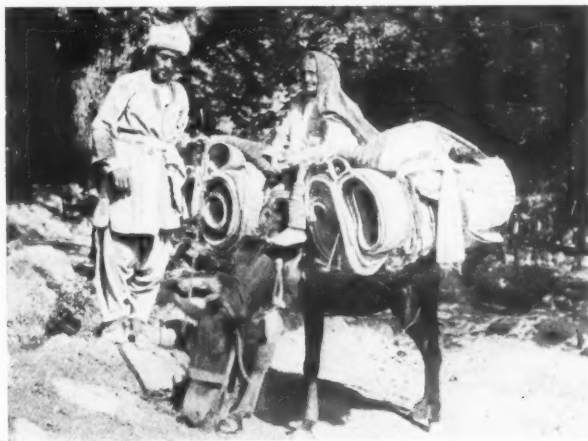
these energetic and all-important goats. It was a very small, walled town, with a crowded population of poor fisher and agricultural folk; space for stables or hay for fodder had they none, yet the number of goats supplying milk to that town was remarkable. This is how it was done. Early every morning, children were sent off into the country round with the family goats, which, presumably, had occupied a corner of the lower story of the house during the night. Invariably the goats led the children and made for their accustomed feeding-grounds. The goats browsed happily on the banks and

hedges and waste, hilly ground, while the children played or dreamt the days away. Poor little souls, they were content enough in the sun, singing and sometimes knitting, but in cold and wet weather, inside their little capes and peaked hoods of coarse homespun, they looked very disconsolate elves. About four o'clock in the afternoon they would wander back to the town, when the goats were milked at the house doors. For those who had not their own a flock was regularly driven through the streets, tinkling bells announcing their approach. Then jugs and little basins, etc., were brought out and filled with frothing milk and very small coins changed hands. How horrified our English Education Committees would be at such a state of things—many boys and girls growing up without any schooling—though the poor community gained enormously in health and strength, and, let us hope, in a practical knowledge of nature.—WALTER J. CLUTTERBUCK.

INTELLIGENCE OF RATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have come across an instance of great cleverness on the part of rats. A fowlhouse is always a certain attraction to them. My own troubles begin with the advent of winter, when the rats leave the fields and hedges and seek shelter and food in houses and outbuildings. They soon effected an entry into my poultry-run by tunnelling under the wire, and as their headquarters were obviously in an adjoining outhouse, I set a semicircle of break-back traps round a much used hole, concealing everything with a layer of chaff and baiting with scattered grain. One big rat and six smaller ones were soon caught, and after that an animal of high intelligence seems to have taken the traps into his especial charge. I have twice put apples right in among the traps, and, though the outhouse is pitch dark, all the apples have been carried clean away without one of the traps being sprung. As these break-back traps are very sensitive and go off on the least touch, it is difficult to understand how rats can get large apples away in absolute darkness without touching any of the plates. The henhouse itself has a sliding door which can be raised by a long cord going to a bedroom window forty yards away. I have twice got the better of old rats by leaving this door open until long after dark and then shutting it by means of the cord. The rats, of course, had walked up the sloping board and in at the door, and so when the door dropped were shut inside. All that remained to be done was to take a lantern and a B.S.A. air rifle and shoot the rats through the wire front of the house.—"FLEUR-DE-LYS."

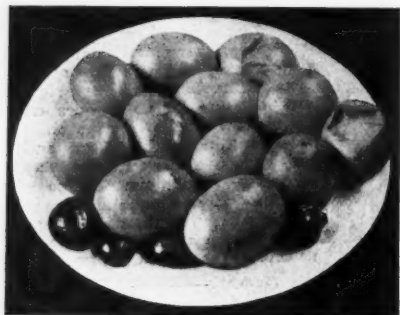


A MAT SELLER GOING TO MARKET.

IS THIS AN EGG RECORD?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The sixteen eggs photographed were removed from a Rhode Island red pullet, one of a pen of seven, the birds being eleven months old. This bird appeared to be very large and inactive, so was killed for the table. When drawn the sixteen eggs were found and carefully removed from the fowl. Thirteen of them were fully developed and could be lifted up with the finger and thumb. One egg, the largest, had a complete shell, and no doubt was responsible for all the trouble. I would add that there



SIXTEEN EGGS FROM ONE HEN.

were seventeen actually, but one was broken in the action of removing them. Is not this an exceptional number?—H. DRAKE.

[Our correspondent's letter and photograph were sent to Mr. W. Powell-Owen, whose comments upon them we print in full: "You do seem to set up records for wonderful laying—within and without. Excuse delay in reply as I have been looking up my records, but cannot beat that of Mr. Drake's. The nearest I can get is a similar case of twelve eggs as mentioned below. The abnormally large shelled egg would be responsible for the trouble. Causing a stoppage in the nature of egg-binding, it prevented the remaining eggs from passing down; owing to weight and numbers these probably ruptured the oviduct and passed through into the abdominal cavity. Within my experience this represents the greatest number of eggs withdrawn from a hen, the nearest approach being that of a first cross hen which appeared to be dropsical and not yielding to treatment was killed. Upon opening the bird it was found that the lower part of the oviduct had been ruptured and twelve soft-shelled eggs were discovered. One of the eggs weighed 5oz. and undoubtedly caused the mishap. When the eggs 'laid within' are not shelled, but represent ripe yolks, the latter form into a ball and become 'hard-boiled' by reason of the heat of the hen's body. It is far more common to discover 'balls of yolks' inside a hen than the separate shelled or semi-shelled products, and often these balls are mistaken erroneously for tumours. If a bird is in an over-fat condition internally the top or receiving-cup of the tube-like ovary down which all eggs pass for laying is brushed away from the ovary. The ripe yolks in the latter then have no alternative but to drop into the abdominal cavity, making the ball described above. It is difficult to say how many such yolks have been found within the hen, as apart from the centre or first yolk, the rest appear unrecognisable. The number would depend upon the size of the hen and her abdominal capacity, because every crevice in the latter would be filled and then death would follow from heart trouble. Each ball when completed often becomes coated with a bright-hued skin; hence its being mistaken for a tumour. When cut open the first yolk to drop can be readily recognised as if it were just a hard-boiled egg. Sometimes a bird will recover condition and the oviduct will link up once more with the ovary and normal laying will commence, leaving the 'ball of yolks' already formed within the abdomen with no detriment to the bird, providing it is not a large-sized ball. In post-mortem cases I have discovered such small balls and death has not been due to their presence."—Ed.]

THE BRITISH WATER SPIDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of the British water spider, and it is here shown under the surface of the water carrying its air supply with it. This spider makes a dome-shaped nest of silk among water-weeds in ponds and ditches, and in this retreat, which

is filled with air, it lives and lays its eggs. In autumn it makes another nest further below the surface and, having closed the entrance (empty shells are often made use of for this purpose), it sleeps in this until the return of warm weather. The spider is not very particular as to its food and any water creatures which it can overpower fall victims to it. When taken out of the water it bears quite an ordinary appearance, since it has a very dark olive green body with brown "head" and legs; but immediately it is put back the bubble of air which it collects round its body makes it look like a ball of quicksilver. This is the only spider which has taken to an entirely aquatic life, though its power of carrying about air below the surface is not unique, for some spiders which run about over the top of the water can dive beneath for protection, keeping there by clinging to some water-weed until their supply of air has all gone; while others



CARRYING ITS AIR SUPPLY UNDER WATER.

of purely terrestrial habits are enclosed in air when pushed beneath the surface, owing to their hairy bodies.—W. S. BRISTOWE.

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a portrait of Napoleon which has never been reproduced before. It is believed to be an original portrait by David. The painting has been in private hands since 1815. It would be interesting to know where other portraits by David are to be seen and how this one compares with traditional or actual likenesses. Mr. Hamil Grant, in his book, "Napoleon and the Artists," speaks of the so-called Gabrielli portrait of Napoleon executed by Vigneux as having been declared by Napoleon's



PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON ATTRIBUTED TO DAVID.

relations to be the only one which bore anything like a truthful resemblance to him. He says that most artists sought to flatter Napoleon. And yet from what he tells us about David, to whom Napoleon gave several sittings, he would hardly be the man to lend his brush to flattery. It is said he refused to paint a portrait of Louis XVI because he would not allow his pencil to reproduce the features of a tyrant. However humble a servant he became of Napoleon, it is hard to imagine him a courtly flatterer. Original portraits are few in number; portraits from memory are numerous. May we not look to the former for likeness, to the latter for the other thing? In Lady Bloomfield's "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," Vol. 1, page 89, she mentions incidentally that Colbert, one of Napoleon's generals and also his chamberlain, told her he did not believe the Emperor actually sat for his picture more than once, and that was to David. She also says of the drawing by Isabey that it was probably not sat for, though Isabey lived so much with the Emperor that he had many opportunities of studying his countenance. In "Illustrations of Napoleon and His Times," by J. C. Roper, a portrait is mentioned as having been taken at Elba in 1814, and another taken after his return, possibly the last ever taken in France. It is said that he was much pleased with this picture—"Fait par M. David son premier Peintre," as the legend says.—P.

AN ODDLY ASSORTED FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of my collie dog and goat, in case you should think it of sufficient interest to publish in your paper. The two are excellent friends.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.



BETTER ONE TRUE FRIEND THAN A HUNDRED RELATIONS.

THE ESTATE MARKET LOOKING AHEAD

QUITE a number of auctions have already been arranged for the first few weeks in the New Year. There are the various sales in London—of the Doughty estate in Holborn, the 40 acres in Camden Town known as the Copenhagen estate, the 200 acres or more of the Tyssen Amherst freehold in the North London suburbs—and many country estates.

EASTWELL PARK, KENT.

THE magnificent East Kent estate, Eastwell Park, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. I, page 378). For many generations it belonged to Lord Winchelsea's family, and it passed a few years ago to Lord Gerard. The park is about 1,600 acres, and the estate extends to 4,000 acres. The Duke of Edinburgh at one time occupied Eastwell Park, and recent and unfounded rumour has had it that the Prince of Wales was likely to acquire the property.

MORWELLHAM, TAVISTOCK.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the Morwellham estate, near Tavistock, of 1,778 acres. The property includes a fine fifteenth century house, 750 acres of woods and plantations, four miles of salmon, peel and trout fishing in the Tavy, and the minerals underlying 2,620 acres. The firm has sold Coombe Lodge, East Liss.

SALES NEXT THURSDAY.

AS well as the sales at Hanover Square, on December 9th, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are holding one at Exeter, of Sir George Duckworth-King's South Devon property, Wear House, with 450 acres, embracing, besides the park, a couple of farms, one having excellent modern buildings.

The other two auctions, appointed for next Thursday by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, are that of Teymouth Castle, and of eight acres of the Duchy of Cornwall estate in Kennington.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been instructed to offer for sale by auction at an early date, if not previously disposed of privately, Dalblair estate, Sutherlandshire. The estate is situated on the north side of the Kyle of Sutherland, with a southern exposure. It extends to about 2,991 acres. The mansion house is situated on rising ground facing the sea, with a beautiful prospect of the Ross-shire hills. One of the principal features of the property is its timber, which, for the most part, consists of larch and Scotch fir of good quality. The shooting on the estate embraces grouse, blackgame and a few red and roe deer, with wild duck shooting and fishing on the Kyle of Sutherland.

LORD ANGLESEY'S TOWN HOUSE.

NO. 39, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, which the Hon. Mrs. Capel has just purchased from the Marquess of Anglesey, lies on the west of the Square and is connected with Hill Street by Hayes Mews, which at one time contained a tavern with a very artistically painted sign, "The Running Footman," with the inscription "I am the only running footman."

LORD MAITLAND'S £117,000 SALE.

VISCOUNT MAITLAND'S Lauderdale estate has, up to the present, realised just over £117,000, through Messrs. Castiglione and Scott, the exact figures being, for land £113,215, and for timber, £4,351. Rather more than 75 per cent. of the total area offered, 12,255 acres, has changed hands, and the demand for the fertile farms on this Berwickshire estate has led to some high prices for individual holdings, from £5,000 to £13,000 being average prices.

LORD LEIGH'S LAND.

NEXT week some of the outlying sections of the Stoneleigh estate, in the Cublington and Fillongley district of Warwickshire, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood, in conjunction with Messrs. Willmot, Willmot and Pinney, in a couple of auctions to be held at Leamington and Coventry for Lord Leigh.

LEASES FOR LIVES.

AS a name of a dwelling it seems fairly easy to hit on something happier than Goytre Cottage, but, perhaps, being on or within the borders of the Principality, it does not bear the same meaning as it might in some parts, for example, of the Peak District. Whether it means well or ill the little place made £1,200 as one of the lots in the Marquess of Abergavenny's sale of Monmouthshire land, conducted by Messrs. Edwards, Russell and Baldwin. The realisations reached £65,000.

LORD CHARLES BENTINCK'S SALE.

ALOW reserve has been placed on Ranby Hall, Lincs, an estate of 570 acres, which Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Dickinson, Riggall and Davy, will offer at Lincoln next Friday, as a whole or in four lots, on behalf of Lord Charles Bentinck. Ranby Hall, seven miles from Horncastle and eleven from Louth, is a mansion of moderate size, with about 86 acres, and there are two farms and a mile of trout fishing in the River Bain.

OLD HOUSES WITH MODERN FEATURES.

GENUINE Elizabethan and other old houses, embodying modern requirements as regards sanitation, lighting and heating, are conspicuous in Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s list. Selecting them at random, there is one, dated 1659, with plenty of fine old oak panelling, close to London; another, in the Midlands, dated 1583, in a park of 300 acres; a third, of sixteenth century construction, with 550 acres, shooting and trout fishing, about fifty miles north of London; and yet another, Burton Hill House, a stone mansion in the Tudor style, in the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, with 167 acres. They are not all, like the last-named, for sale, some being to let, furnished or otherwise, for a term of years in one instance.

CHANGES IN PICCADILLY.

ANOTHER club has to find a new home, for the premises of the Isthmian Club, Piccadilly, have been sold. The building is a very imposing one, adjacent to half a dozen other well known clubs, between Brick Street and White Horse Street, and overlooking the Green Park, a few yards from the uncompleted and gigantic structure which was to have been called the Park Lane Hotel, and may yet become known by that name, when Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard shall have found a lessee to the liking of the trustees of the Sutton estate. The Isthmian Club succeeded Sir Julian Goldsmid in the occupation of their house.

TENANTS' LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

NOT all the £120,000 worth of houses on the Doughty estate privately dealt with before the auction have gone into the hands of the sitting tenants, and the latter have not in every instance been to blame, perhaps, for letting the occasion slip. It is not everyone who wishes to buy even the premises in which he carries on business, and some, though they would like to do so, cannot always see their way to make the necessary lock-up of capital. There are other groups of houses and premises to be dealt with at the remainder of the series of auctions to be held by Messrs. Nicholas for Sir Joseph Doughty Tichborne, and the fact that sales were concluded before the date of the public offering will spur on tenants to negotiate in good time.

MRS. BROWN POTTER'S HOUSE SOLD.

MRS. BROWN POTTER'S pretty house at Staines Bridge, with grounds of 3 acres, found a purchaser before the auction, through Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co., who, however, reserved the late Mr. Nat Gould's Bedford residence, known as Newhaven, at £2,500, and Hythe House, Egham Hythe, and nearly 4 acres, at £4,000.

LORD DOWNHAM'S TOWN HOUSE.

THE late Lord Downham's town house at Buckingham Palace Gardens, facing Victoria Station, one of the tall Willett-built houses which, both inside and out, have so strong a suggestion of the flat, is in the market by order of his executrix. The lease has some sixty years unexpired, and the ground rent is £60 a year. Although facing the terminus the situation is quite quiet, the roadway being of great width, and there are spacious gardens in the rear.

Messrs. William Willett will offer the lease on December 14th at Winchester House.

BRONTON COURT, HANTS.

CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, R.N., has decided to dispose of his Hampshire property at Chilbolton, known as Broxton Court, a house with pleasant gardens and about 10 acres in a good hunting, fishing and shooting country. It is to be sold in the City on February 2nd by Messrs. Constable and Maude, who will also submit Myskyns, Mr. J. S. Paterson's place of 23 acres at Ticehurst, on the same occasion. Sales by the firm include an old Cotswold house, Cordean Hall, Winchcombe, with about 50 acres; Roundhill, South Benfleet, and 60 acres; Broadlands, at Weybridge; Mounthall and 30 acres, adjoining Walton Heath Golf Links; Knight's Place, Pembury, and 8 acres; and about 250 acres of the Stoke Orchard estate.

At Gloucester, Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. have sold a farm of 104 acres at Pendock, Worcestershire, and accommodation lands and a small residential property, near Gloucester, for a total of £7,205. Messrs. Howkins and Sons of Rugby announce that they have now sold Clifton Mill Farm, near Rugby, which was withdrawn from auction in August last. Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker report the sale by private treaty of Field Farm, Priors Dean, East Tisted, Hants, a holding of about 300 acres.

WOODCOTE ABBEY SOLD.

ACTING on behalf of Mrs. Abbey, Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold Woodcote Manor, Bramdean, near Alresford, for many years the home of the late Edwin Abbey, R.A. Woodcote Manor is an uniquely fine specimen of the Elizabethan period, and stands in a grandly wooded park of some 50 acres.

HARRODS NEW MART.

AT every turn the new mart in Brompton Road revealed agreeable contrasts to the ordinary type of public auction room, on the occasion of its opening with the first auction. Light and a perfect system of ventilation and heating, mahogany panelling, and a comfortable armchair for everyone present, need but to be mentioned to point the contrast to, say, the old Mart in Tokenhouse Yard. Mr. Owen Wallis, before offering the properties, mentioned that the new saleroom was another milestone in the progress of the firm's estate agency business. Two years ago they had done enough to warrant the transfer from the main block to separate offices opposite thereto, and now the business had grown to such dimensions that an independent saleroom had become indispensable. During the present year the firm has disposed of property exceeding three-quarters of a million sterling in value, and their agency staff has increased to about eighty members. Three properties only remained for competition, one, Upton, Caterham, a freehold house in grounds of 1½ acres, having been sold just before auction. Cottesmore, Mortimer, near Reading, remained for private treaty at £2,500, a formal advance on the final offer; The Downs, a freehold at Little Amwell, Herts, was put aside at £3,500. Mr. Wallis remarking that the firm had had forty-five or fifty requests for orders to view it; and a sale of Warley House, near Brentwood, was effected at £4,000.

YORK HOUSE, REGENT STREET.

IT transpires that the price of the leasehold interest of York House, the enormous block of buildings until lately used by the Junior Army and Navy Stores, was approximately £150,000. The sale was, we believe, negotiated by Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd.

SWANAGE LANDMARKS.

THE late Mr. George Burt lavished money on the development of Swanage. Whereas the Scotsman's motto was "Aye be sticking in a tree," Mr. Burt's seems to have been "Be always watching for something to carve, there is plenty of stone to be carved, and good uses to put it to." On the front is the Great Globe, a stone model of the earth, weighing 40 tons or more. Major Burt has instructed Messrs. Fox and Sons to sell a large slice of Swanage early in the New Year. The chief houses include the vendor's own very substantial granite mansion, Purbeck House, with beautiful grounds, and Wesley Cottage, where John Wesley stayed. ARBITER.

UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL

SOME OF THE PLAYERS.

By E. H. D. SEWELL

[On Tuesday next, December 7th, Oxford and Cambridge meet at Rugby Football at Queen's Club. Last year Cambridge just won, and this year is likely to see an equally close and exciting match. Mr. Sewell's detailed criticism of the two teams is therefore exceedingly interesting.—Ed.]



V. R. PRICE (OXFORD).

At the completion of a high punt. He played full-back and stand-off last year at Queen's.



R. G. SHARP (OXFORD).

One of the light weight forwards and a Blue of 1919, punting.



E. CAMPBELL (OXFORD).

The scrum half kicking to touch at right angles to his left.

"UNIVERSITY Rugger is not what it was," says the man in the corner of the carriage on the way back from seeing Oxford just lose to Richmond, whose line was crossed once more than was that of the losers. "It never is," replies the cynic returning later from Cambridge after seeing the match against the St. Bart's Hospital team, which, though stronger than it is believed to be, is not this season in the first flight. But, if we agree with either or both of these or with neither, we are one and all quite convinced that the annual match between the two University fifteens is one which only serious illness, or death, will prevent us from

witnessing. We cheerfully put up with the unsuitability of the rendezvous to accommodate the large crowd which is sure to arrive, because we know we shall see something for our pains, and also that even if "they took it to Twickenham," which "they" have no intention of doing, we should really be little better off. Why the governors of Rugger seek out all the ungetatable pastures whereon to pitch their camp has never yet been threshed out. To both Queen's and Twickenham the entrances and exits are of the narrowest, and, thank goodness, most Rugger enthusiasts are large people who take up a lot of room! And yet the squeezing of a quart into a pint pot goes on annually. Whence emanates the eternal truth that Rugger is well worth



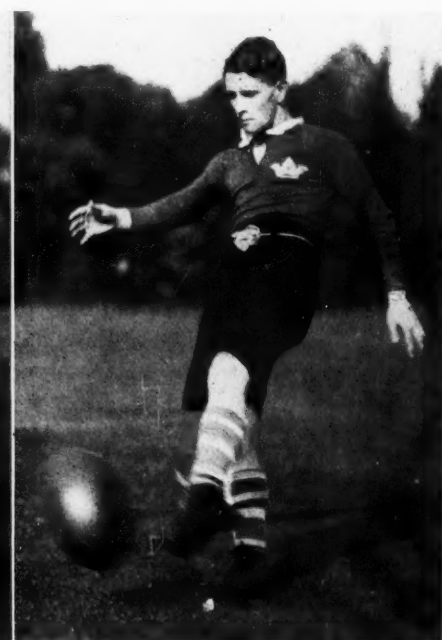
H. W. C. CRAIGMILE (CAMBRIDGE).

Left centre three-quarter. A fine big centre, he has dash and the weight to make it effective.



C. F. K. WATSON (CAMBRIDGE).

The full-back who was reserve last season for Scotland and also for England. He is a clever kick with either foot.



F. A. WALDOCK (OXFORD).

The stand-off half whose injury just before half time in last year's match probably cost Oxford the game.



D. D. B. COOK (CAMBRIDGE).

The left wing, taking a pass at top speed.



P. A. BATTY (CAMBRIDGE).

One of last and this years' Blues place-kicking.



G. F. WOOD (OXFORD).

The right wing three-quarter of the 1919 team, who was tried in a Rugby Union trial last season.

seeing, in spite of personal inconvenience that would "kill" some other games.

Last season it was fairly obvious that the standard of football seen in the 'Varsity match was not high, to put the matter mildly. If one went solely by results, there is ample evidence to suggest that we shall see an improvement next Tuesday; but, unfortunately, form is very unreliable, and it needs rather an extensive experience of the game, combined with some luck, to know exactly which form to take and which to reject. We have each our own predilection in this respect, and I may be wrong in preferring Oxford's 11 points to 9 defeat by Leicester as evidence of Oxford's strength to the 10 points to 9 defeat of Cambridge by Newport as proof—seeing that Newport beat Oxford by 25 to 6—that Cambridge has the better side. They may be the better, and the afternoon may prove it, but given a dry ball and as firm turf as we have a right to expect in West Kensington in December, Oxford should win the match. A wet ball ought to favour Cambridge, whose forwards have just a trifle more dash in the loose than those under D. D. Duncan, a factor which should turn the scale, since the wet ball is the same for both sets of backs.

But here we arrive at the crux of the problem, since the rival captains have not yet "declared," and after I have written

this article a simple accident, such as a sprain or a cracked rib, may deprive one side or the other of an essential player. Regarding the respective packs as more easy to reinforce in the case of an injury to a first choice; stipulating that Duncan, the two Waldocks, Campbell, Forsayth, H. L. Price, Bettington, Rudd or I. J. Pitman, Simpson and Wood play for Oxford; Conway, Cove-Smith, Collis, Considine, Batty, Morel, S. Cook, D. D. B. Cook, Saxon, Watson and Craigmile play for Cambridge; anticipating that the Oxford three-quarters will be Rudd or Pitman, Simpson, Van der Riet and Wood, the Cambridge three-quarters Saxon, Craigmile, S. Cook and D. D. B. Cook, I proceed.

Both full-backs—H. H. Forsayth (N.S.W.) and C. F. K. Watson (Bradford Grammar School)—are good. Watson was reserve for both England and Scotland last season, Forsayth is up to International form, kicks a very long ball, has a fine tackle, but is rather easily tackled himself. Watson is an old Blue, but the fact that he is a young one is not likely to disturb Forsayth, who has the usual Australian temperament and looks to me like a "big match" player.

Both three-quarter lines have speed and dash on the wings if Rudd or Pitman, Wood, Saxon and D. Cook play. Pitman I regard in the light of a fine player in the making, and it is



SOME OF THE CAMBRIDGE FORWARDS PRACTISING DRIBBLING.

The first three from left to right are R. Cove-Smith, G. S. Conway (the captain), and W. F. R. Collis.

only the fact that Eton is, unfortunately, not a home of Rugger which prevents him from being a finished performer now. Rudd will be, of course, the fastest runner in either team should he play; but track speed is once again proving itself to be a different thing to football speed. Off the football ground Rudd is as fast as any three-quarter who has ever played in the 'Varsity match and Pitman is not far behind, but it may be because he is thinking of the track that Rudd has not been so fast when playing for Oxford as he was expected to be on his running for Oxford. This is not surprising. The wing three-quarter game is not a simple, easy thing to be learned in the course of a match. On the other wing Greek meets Greek if G. F. Wood of Canterbury faces D. D. B. Cook of Merchiston. Both are heavy, both have dash and thirty yards pace, and on form it looks as though the Scot will win this duel. Whether Rudd or Pitman plays, either has his work cut out against Saxon, of whom it is only necessary to say that he learned the game in New Zealand, and is fast.

Nobody envies Duncan and Conway their task of deciding on the centres. It can only be guessing to write that Van der Riet (Blackheath) and H. B. Simpson (Yorkshire), of Oxford, will oppose S. Cook (Crypt, Gloucester) and H. W. C. Craigmile (Uppingham) of Cambridge. It may be Van der Riet and P. M. Dixon *versus* Hamilton-Wickes and Craigmile, but the first two pairs seem the most likely. If so, Cook, who has not long returned from serving with a Punjabi regiment, and Craigmile, who has played for Sandhurst *versus* Woolwich, appear the more formidable pair. The three-quarter problem boils down to this, that the play should prove that two more level lines have not, in this century, opposed each other in the 'Varsity match.

At half Oxford have a decided pull. F. A. Waldock has come on since he got concussion last December, and he and Campbell have not been separated this season, except for "resting" purposes. I have no idea—nor has Conway, I am sure—while I am writing this, who the Cambridge halves will be. Whether last year's scrum-half, A. B. S. Young, and M. Bradby, or J. R. Illingworth and M. Bradby, or Young and F. Gardiner, or Illingworth and Gardiner, or Young and Hamilton-Wickes, will be the pair, as I expect they will be, nobody now can guess. Even yet I may not have named the two! It might pay not to leave out Hamilton-Wickes on any account and use him as a stand-off. The uncertainty at half is the weakest spot in the Cambridge side.

Forward, the misfortune of the game probably robbed Oxford of a very fine player when V. H. Nesor dislocated and broke his collarbone in the Guy's match. Nesor belongs to the type irreplaceable in a Varsity side, even when the mishap occurs so long before the day. He was easily the best Oxford forward last December. My latest information is that the doctor reports he will be fit about a fortnight before the 'Varsity match, but a recently cracked and dislocated collarbone is an untrustworthy thing to take into battle between two such "mighty opposites" as the rival University packs. Early injury kept that fine young forward, H. F. Waldock, out of the game until the middle of November. Compensation was forthcoming in the appearances of the "googlie" bowler, R. H. Bettington, and of H. L. Price towards the end of October, and the reappearance of W. R. Bion, who, but for injury, would have got his Blue last December. Meanwhile, H. P. Marshall seems to have played himself into the side and that sound forward, G. Francis, last year's Blue, has made normal improvement. Injury kept C. H. Evans out of some matches, and the scrum much missed the former captain of the biggest and heaviest pack ever seen in the history of school Rugby football, that of Tonbridge School in 1916. The average weight, was exactly 12st. 5lb. Prodigious! The Rev. W. T. Havad, who played last year for Oxford, and is the only *padre* who has played in an inter-Varsity (I am open to correction), is not playing this term though still in residence. Bettington, who "places" with the left foot, is the surest place-kicker now playing, and as such alone must be in the running for his International cap.

On the Cambridge side of the scrummage there is a fine nucleus in G. S. Conway, P. A. Batty, W. C. D. Considine, W. R. F. Collis, and R. Cove-Smith—especially in the loose, where, too, T. E. Morel seems certain to be of use. Then there is that excellent Old Haileyburian, H. K. P. Smith, also A. R. Carnegie Brown, and either J. Q. T. Syme of Glenalmond or J. L. H. Miller of Fettes, to complete an eight that will want to know several reasons why, if Oxford win. Conway may or may not be too light for international football. He has trained on into a fine leader of forwards and should one day play for England in that capacity. The Leicester team found to their cost on the thirteenth of November that the seven forwards and eight backs game, when their eight backs are in five three-quarter formation and all their seven forwards are not class players, does

not pay against eight resolute, well led young forwards. The defeat of Leicester at Leicester was probably the best thing the Cambridge team has done this term.

Summing up by the light of my own judgment, though in the dark as to the final choices of the respective captains, I expect Oxford to win, though a Cambridge success will certainly not surprise me. I do not think the full power of Oxford has yet been seen; that of Cambridge (allowing for absences of essential players like Saxon and Watson), was evident against Newport, Leicester and Guy's Hospital sides, which felt little more than Oxford's "A" strength. If Dixon is chosen for Oxford and plays as he played *v.* Blackheath, then a Light Blue victory is assured. If he produces what I believe to be his true form, then it is quite another matter. But the result does not hinge on the deeds of an individual, especially in Varsity teams like these, in which players of outstanding excellence are conspicuously absent. The weaknesses in the Cambridge team are vital ones, *viz.*, lightness forward, and hand-slowness at half. While the Oxford pair will have quickness throughout the game, their forwards ought to have a big say in the control of the game during the closing quarter of an hour.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S TUTOR

THOSE who have been bred up to sport from their youth probably do not quite realise how many small doubts and difficulties beset the less lucky ones who come to it later in life. The baby of eighteen months old whom Colonel Mackillop saw "blooded in a perambulator" was, no doubt, brought up on Jorrock and the life of Jack Mytton and must have taken to hunting when he grew old enough for his first pony as a duck to water. To later learners there must come moments when they want to ask somebody privately, "What do I do?" There are probably many such learners just now, and pathetically eager ones, whose sporting education was interrupted or prevented by the war. As regards hunting in particular, soldiering taught many men to know and love horses, and they do not want to part from them. All these, perhaps, would like some kindhearted and experienced person, say an uncle, to whom they could refer their questions without being laughed at, and in the certainty of getting a sound answer.

In the "Letters to Young Sportsmen" (COUNTRY LIFE Library, 6s.), we may regard the three authors, Colonel Mackillop, Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. Douglas Cairns, as performing this kindly avuncular function in hunting, angling and shooting respectively. Colonel Mackillop, in particular, has caught the manner to perfection. His short, terse sentences, very much to the point, are just those of the letter writer. Miss Deborah Jenkins, who founded her style on Dr. Johnson, would not have approved of his style, but it is admirably adapted to his purpose. He tells his pupil just the sort of thing he would want to know. Here, for instance, is his advice on what to do if a fox breaks covert and no one else is by. "If you are anywhere alongside the covert, keep close to it, not wide out in the adjoining field. The chief idea is to let the fox get well away before you move or utter a sound. If the huntsman can see you, just hold up your hat; he will come soon enough, that is if hounds are not busy with another fox in covert. If the huntsman cannot see you, wait till the fox is a good way off and then 'holloa' . . . I know a good sportsman who says he always tries to say the alphabet to himself before he 'holloas,' when he has viewed a fox away, but so keen and full of excitement is he that he has never reached S yet." Colonel Mackillop does not disdain to talk to his beginner as to his clothes and his boots—things that the poor man cannot know by instinct—and, in fact, takes him by the hand and puts him on the right path in every possible way.

On angling Mr. Horace Hutchinson writes, as he always does, easily and gracefully, with a pleasing levity creeping in now and again. There could scarcely be a more suitable teacher of the art of casting than one who had instructed so many people in the kindred art of swinging a golf club. No man should be more at home with questions of grips and wrists and the when and how to begin a particular movement. Is there not something pleasantly reminiscent in this lesson on the first part of the cast? "The first part of the cast, which you are now to commence, will be in the nature of a lift, to raise a portion of the line. Do this, if you please, with elbow down and tolerably close in against the side, and do it with a stiff wrist. Remember, particularly, throughout the cast the stiff wrist. . . . All the work is to be from the elbow joint," and so on. There is not room to quote it all, but it is all admirably direct, simple and intelligible. There are in all eight chapters of Mr. Hutchinson, addressed mainly to the trout fisherman, but not forgetting salmon fishing.

Mr. Douglas Cairns, who deals with shooting, is a little more severe in manner, a little more, perhaps, of the schoolmaster and less of the tolerant friend, but he is not one whit less sound and helpful than his two colleagues. Especially is he good in telling not only what to do, but what not to do. There is in shooting so much valuable advice that can be given of a negative character, so many more or less innocent *gaucheries* of which the beginner may be guilty from want of a word in season. "When the big pack advances up-wind," he says in his "Driving" chapter, "should you be in the line of flight of its foremost birds, let them pass you altogether, rather than risk turning back the lot by premature shooting. This is just the kind of 'crisis' when the presence of an old hand in your butt will save you from committing an indelicacy which, according to Talleyrand, is worse than a crime." Not only the beginner, but the experienced sportsman, will find the book excellent reading, and Mr. Lionel Edwards's pictures are admirably in keeping with it. They are full of freshness and vigour and are clearly the work of one who is himself a sportsman and draws what he sees and knows.

THE CASE FOR THATCH TO-DAY

THATCHING is one of the most ancient methods of roof-covering and is still, in many ways, one of the best. There is no other roof which almost at once becomes an integral part of the countryside. It is the only roof-covering which is as much at home in the Derbyshire dales as in the Fen District, and it is as happy with the cob and granite walls of Devonshire as it is with Sussex half-timber and flint. A thatched roof has a wonderful suavity of line, and its colour and texture are delightful. Even the crudity of new red bricks is softened when crowned with thatch, and many a poorly designed building would be redeemed by a covering of reeds or straw. There is, too, no better roof to live under. From a test made by the writer it was found that a reed-thatched house was about 10° cooler in summer than a tiled house adjoining, and it is no doubt correspondingly warmer in winter.

As a practical and economical roof-covering to-day thatch has much to recommend it, and it is with these considerations that we are here chiefly concerned.

A great deal of prejudice exists against thatch. It is popularly supposed to take fire easily and to harbour vermin and insects; but if reasonable care is taken in designing thatched buildings, and they are kept in repair, these defects are practically non-existent, especially in the case of reed thatch. The principal causes of thatch fires are three: defective flues, chimney fires, and the steam road vehicle. Almost all cottages and small houses built prior to 1800 had open fires; wood was used as fuel, and the walls of the chimneys were not severely tested. Gradually closed ranges and stoves came into use, and with their sharper draught and with coal as fuel the old flues (often leaky) became dangerous, and fires resulted. The use of coal also caused a great increase in chimney fires, the soot from coal fires accumulating quicker and being more inflammable than wood soot. When traction engines began to be used thatched roofs (often in bad repair and abutting directly on the roads) were set on fire by hot coals falling on bad and loose portions of the thatch, so that by the time the "Model" by-laws began to be adopted by local authorities thatch was in thoroughly bad odour, and, as a consequence, was banned by most by-laws. But during the last twenty years thatch has been gradually coming into favour again, and with other roofing materials so

scarce and so expensive it is particularly useful at the present time.

The Ministry of Health will now allow reed thatch on "subsidy" cottages, but its attitude towards other buildings is not very definite. When the local authority agrees to the use of thatch the Ministry concurs, but should a rural council object, there is apparently no redress; fortunately many councils' surveyors are reasonable men and will allow thatch to be used



BYLANDS, WEYBRIDGE: REED THATCH TO HIPS, GABLES AND DORMERS.

G. Blair Imrie and T. G. Angell.

in suitable positions, but woe betide the unfortunate individual contemplating thatching if he encounters the type of local authority that regards its by-laws as sacred.

The most vulnerable part of a thatched roof is the underside. It is best to cover the rafters with plaster or matchboarding. If this is omitted a naked light should not be taken into the roof-space, as the bottom of the thatch is always very dry and the loose ends easily catch fire. Electric wiring, even if in tubing, should not be taken near the thatch, and, above all, flues should be carefully built. The best method of dealing with chimneys in a thatched house is to line all flues with fireclay pipes; the possibility of leaks is then eliminated; soot will not easily

lodge on the smooth surface of the pipes, and chimney fires are thus prevented. In all cases, whether flue pipes are used or not, the chimneys should be carefully rendered in cement where they pass through the roof. The pitch of the roof is another important matter. The steeper the pitch the longer the life of the roof; and if burning material should drop on a steep roof it is more likely to roll off. New thatch is more likely to take fire than old, but it can be protected by one of the many fire-proofing liquids. Thatch very soon vegetates and is then not so likely to burn, but it should be kept in good repair, as loose places offer a lodgment for sparks.

Several materials can be used for thatching. The best known (in order of merit) are reeds, straw, "hoop chips" and heather or ling. Heather is little used, and its useful life is short. If used with an under-layer of straw, it makes a fair roof for sheds and outbuildings. "Hoop chips" are shavings of hazel and other woods produced in the making of barrel hoops, etc., by hand. This material, though little used and difficult



A FINE EXAMPLE OF STRAW THATCHING: HOUSE AT SAPPERTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The late Ernest Gimson.

to obtain, makes a good and durable roof. But it is rather "stubborn" and difficult to lay, and, therefore, should only be used on a plain roof. Straw, though not to be compared with reed, makes a good roof. Rye straw is the best, but is now rarely obtainable. Wheat straw is generally used, and is better than oat. Straw for thatching should be unbroken; that which has been put through a threshing machine is not nearly so good as hand-threshed; this is one of the reasons why the straw thatch of recent years does not last as well as that laid by our ancestors.

Reed thatching is the highest form of the thatcher's art, and the reed "layer" is a highly skilled man. Fortunately, this traditional craft never became quite extinct, and, with the increasing demand, the younger men are again becoming proficient. From the nature of the material and the peculiar method of laying there is no doubt that reed thatch is far more durable and less susceptible to fire than other thatching material. The reeds are stiff and "woody," and when laid are tightly packed together with only the butts exposed. To set fire to a reed roof from the outside is like trying to light a bundle of firewood at the end. The life of reeds is surprising; with very little repair they will last for generations, and it is not unusual for a roof to go thirty years without repair of any sort, and even then the necessary work is, as a rule, not considerable.

The reed layer retains that pride of craft which is so sadly lacking in many trades to-day. He delights in devising and forming patterns on the thatch; he will work the bottom and ends of his ridging into a variety of shapes and fix his hazel "liggers" in many different ways. Shaping and patterning

"spreading out the work." In Fig. 4 the reed is being partially secured with reed bands or "stays," which are pinned down by hazel staples ("broaches"). The work is then "dressed up" (Fig. 5) with the legget, and finally tied down to the rafters with hazel "swais" (Fig. 6). When the whole of the roof has been covered in this way it is again gone over with the legget, and after this final knocking up it is practically impossible to pull a reed out. The Norfolk reed layers recommend that reed roofs should be knocked up every seven years; this costs very little and it lengthens the life of the roof considerably.

Good reed thatching now costs (laid complete, including carriage and profit) about £5 10s. per square in the South of England. Good tiling on felt and boards costs about £12 per square. Thatch is much lighter than tiling, and the rafters, etc., therefore can be both of smaller scantling and be wider apart. Assuming that 6 cubic feet of timber at 10s. per foot is required for a square of tiling, and that only about two-thirds of this would be necessary for thatch, we get a total saving per square as follows:

Cost of tiling per square	£12 0 0
" " thatch " "	5 10 0
	6 10 0
Add saving on timber	1 0 0
Total saving per square	£7 10 0

There are also further economies in thatching. The tiler charges extra for "cuttings" for verges, hips, ridges and valleys,



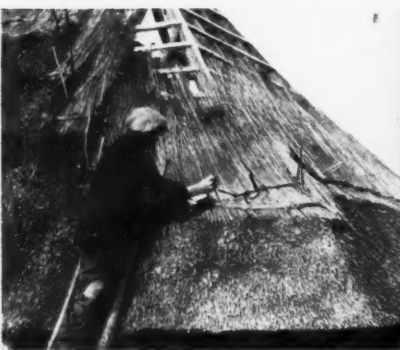
1.—Ready for another sheaf.



2.—Placing the sheaf in position (note setting needle).



3.—"Spreading out the work."



4.—Fixing the "stay" with a "broach."



5.—"Dressing up."



6.—Tying the "swais" to the rafters.

THATCHING A ROOF WITH REEDS.

are, however, peculiar to East Anglia, and although a plain reed roof looks "right" anywhere, this very typical embellishment is apt to look out of place in any but the Eastern Counties.

Reeds for thatching are grown principally in the Norfolk Broads, but are found in many other parts of the country. The Norfolk reed layer will, however, tell you that the Broadland reeds are harder and more durable than those grown elsewhere. The reeds are cut after the first frosts have killed the leaf, and cutting goes on till March. The sedge and pinrush used for ridging grow near the reed beds.

The method of laying reeds is quite different from that used in straw thatching. Straw, after tying, is raked or combed down to a smooth surface, and eaves, verges, etc., have to be cut; whereas reeds, after being secured, are *knocked up* into position with a special tool known as a "legget." The whole of the roof, including eaves, verges, dormers and all shaped and patterned work, is knocked up in this way. The knife is used only to cut the bottom of the ridging. The reeds are handed up to the layer in sheaves or bundles, and the work proceeds as indicated by the accompanying illustrations. Fig. 1 shows the roof ready for another sheaf. In Fig. 2 the layer is seen placing the sheaf in position, and has stuck his "setting needle" into the roof on the left of the sheaf to keep it in place. Fig. 3 shows him

and requires lead for flashings. To the reed layer only the ridging is "extra," and a good man uses no lead at all. For tiling the battens must be placed about 4ins. apart; for thatch they only need be 10ins. apart. Thus it is safe to assume that the saving on a six-roomed cottage by using thatch would be at least £90.

It is to be hoped that the merits of reed thatch will be considered by rural councils who are building cottages. Its use would save money and free other roofing material and labour for urban housing.

To those about to build, and who intend to thatch, the following advice may be useful:

1. Use reed if possible.
2. Let your house be designed with some regard to the nature of the roof covering.
3. Have a good pitch (not less than 50°.)
4. Use pipe flues.
5. Keep your building (especially if straw thatched) a fair distance from the road.
6. Keep your roof in repair. Bad thatch is more liable to catch fire and is easily attacked by birds. "A stitch in time" has particular application to thatch, for if small defects are made good at once the average annual cost for maintenance is small.

G. BLAIR IMRIE.

A HUNTING CLASSIC

TOM SMITH'S famous book *The Life of a Fox*, (Arnold) just re-issued, with an introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke, might, from its title, be mistaken for a performance of one of the new school of naturalists who, making an endeavour to understand the psychology of an animal, makes it write its autobiography. This was not at all the intention of the great sportsman who, when he wrote, was Master of the Pytchley and before that had been Master of the Craven Hounds. It was only a device for criticising methods of hunting, and that is how it comes to furnish a theme for the excellent introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke. This adds to its value, but in any circumstances it affords very pleasant reading.

The plot of it is that of holding a fox dinner of veteran foxes in which each explains how he has been able to save his brush, thus enabling the author to point out the weakness of the various packs which are supposed to have lost the fox in question. Knowledge gives the book value, and a playful fancy with a faculty for inventing ingenious incidents gives it charm. The author begins by stating that as Wily, the fox who is the supposed editor of the stories, lay in a covert one day he heard one of a party that was passing by on the return from hunting say that he would give a good deal to know what became of the fox, and that there was nothing he would like better than to invite to supper all the foxes that have escaped from packs by which they have been respectively hunted to-day and get them to declare to what they owed their safety. In order to tempt them "there should be rabbits at top, rabbits at bottom and sides, rabbits curried, fricasseed, and rabbits dressed in every imaginable way, by the best French cook."

Wily added a few items to this generous but monotonous bill of fare. He dispensed with the services of M. Soyer, the great French cook of the day, and added, for the sake of variety, some rats, mice, plenty of beetles and a bird or two. Smith's original sketch shows a dozen foxes sitting round this magnificent spread, while magpies and carrion crows—in spite of the darkness, for it was supposed to be midnight—hover on the trees above, ready to finish the meal when the noble company dispersed.

Lord Willoughby de Broke very properly confines his remarks to the story told by the Pytchley fox. He chooses a few remarks in this story because they "seem to extract the essence of the

successful pursuit of the fox," and he defines this essence as the "physiological truth that the vast majority of good runs are made, and stout foxes killed, by the hounds following the line, first by their sense of smell, and secondly by their power to run fast enough and long enough to catch the fox." Mr. Osbaldiston's hounds are in the same way criticised for over-running the scent. This was owing to "their great courage which in the breeding of them seemed to be more attended to than the nose." The fox attributed his great age to the fact that everything was sacrificed to make a flying pack, and hounds that would not go the pace were always drafted, "although when there was a good scent this sort could puzzle even the fast riders to keep with them." One of the devices of this particular Reynard was to go to ground in a drain, when the



"HUNTING IN COVER," BY HENRY ALKEN. ENGRAVED BY T. SUTHERLAND.



Originals lent by

"GONE AWAY," BY HENRY ALKEN.

Basil Dighton,

hounds, owing to their mettle and to their being pressed by hard riders, swept past it and were unable to recover the scent afterwards. He regretted the passing of the old method of giving up hunting a fox and going to find another. It was a disagreeable surprise after he had thought himself safe to "hear them again running on the lines I had come." He gives an example. When thinking he had got rid of the hounds he stopped in Mr. Hope's plantation. Mr. Smith himself was hunting his own hounds that day and someone asked him, "How much longer shall you go on with this cold scent? Don't you think you can find another fox?" The reply was, "I shall hunt this as long as a hound will own the scent. We shall get up to him by and by, and kill him too," upon hearing which Pytchley made off double quick. He beat Mr. Smith after a long run, taking refuge in a drain where he "found another fox and succeeded in getting behind him in his retreat."

Mr. Smith calls some of his foxes from a very great distance. One comes from the bank of the Tweed and he is called Sandy, and declares that "Berwickshire and Northumberland are as fine country as can be desired, but unfortunately for us as good scenting as any in the kingdom." At that time Lord Elcho hunted the country and he continued to do so until 1868; that is, after he became Earl of Wemyss. Sandy's adventures are very lively. Here is one of them:

"I once crossed the Tweed at a dangerous part, thinking that I should, by so doing, leave the hounds and all behind. Not so; for the huntsman was not to be stopped, but swam his horse, as two or three others did, across the river, Treadwell, Mr. Robertson's huntsman, taking the lead. Having thus

crossed the river without gaining my point, and running in a ring of several miles, I recrossed the river at a spot where it was impossible for horses to cross; so that, being a long way round, the hounds were stopped, and it was agreed that I was drowned in the Tweed."

Mr. Smith does not fail to observe the difference in the dialect on the Borders. He makes Sandy say, "I was disturbed first by hearing Old Will cheering his hound, as if he had just seen a fox, giving his cheer thus, 'Hooi-here, here, here!' which, in any other country, would pass for a view-halloo."

The author when in the North did not fail to acquaint himself with the measures taken by the hill shepherds to keep down the hill foxes. "The shepherds of the mountains on certain days gather together against us, armed with guns, and aided by dogs of all sorts, from the greyhound to the collies. The sagacity and docility of the latter are very astonishing; but the sagacity of an old dog of the fox-hound sort is superior to that of every other. The collie dog is taught by man what to do, whilst the old fox-hound teaches his master."

The end of the story is fitting and characteristic. The cawing of an old crow, the chattering of jays and the voice of Chanticleer proclaimed the coming of morn, whereupon one of the party proposes to go round and have a sly bite at his tail, "for 'tis a quiet retired place, and no one yet about." But alas! they were again interrupted by "the clamour of those tell-tale birds."

That ends a story which will be found most agreeable to read by the general reader, while the hunting man, if it is not already a favourite book with him, will make it so.

THE WINTER OF THE GOLFER'S DISCONTENT

By BERNARD DARWIN.

A DAY or two ago I went down to play at a certain inland course, and the first person I saw there was an old friend who was pottering about in rather a disconsolate manner. "Good-morning," said I. "Clean off it," said he. He rejected my proposal that we should play a foursome on the ground that he would only spoil it and went on sadly with his practising. So when in the clubhouse I met another friend, I remarked that so-and-so seemed rather unhappy about his game. "Poor old chap," he remarked sympathetically—and yet I think there was a gleam of malice in his eye. "He always thinks he is off his game just about this time. The ground gets softer; he can't get the distance, and so can't make so sure of his fives at all the four holes. The same thing happens every year. He always begins to practise about now."

If he was malicious—and I cannot altogether acquit him—that critic was also acute. A good many people do begin to think themselves unaccountably "off it" as the winter closes in. When I went out that afternoon the ball seemed to sit just a little closer to the ground. The problem of getting it into the air was distinctly more difficult than it had been through all our wonderful St. Martin's summer. The little chips from near the edge of the green were neither so simple nor so pleasant as they had been. For one thing, it was not so easy to get the blade of the iron in under the ball; for another, the contrast between the putting green and the surrounding country was more strongly accentuated. The ball had to be pitched right on to the green, not merely "scuffled" along the ground. The shot called for a certain crispness of hitting and definiteness of purpose which previously—I speak as a confirmed scuffer—had not been necessary.

When these symptoms of the winter golfing season force themselves upon our attention we ought either leave some of our clubs at home or, if we still carry them, use them more sparingly than we have done hitherto. Some years ago the writer of a golfing text-book collected from various well known players "tips" for inland golf. One fine player recommended the use of stiffer and heavier clubs in winter time; another, equally good, declared that in winter he always used lighter and more springy ones. Without deciding between these two learned opinions, I am sure that most of us had better play with more lofted clubs. "A man has got to be a good player," said a professional to me the other day, "if he is going to use anything but a spoon through the green on this course in winter time." I agree; he must be a very good player—or else a very foolish one. The distance lost by taking a lofted wooden club through the green is, when there is little run on the ball, inappreciable; that is in cases where the ball is struck truly. When we take into account all the shots which are topped with a brassey and the shots which are scuffed in trying to avoid a top, the spoon must gain in aggregate distance a great many yards and avoid a great many bunkers. And the same rule of more loft applies right through the bag of clubs. A good sturdy driving iron will be more effective in the long run than a cleek, and where a month ago we were running the ball up with an approaching cleek we shall now do better to hoist it into the air with a mashie niblick. Even

on the greens unless they are very good indeed, the wooden or aluminium putter had better give way to the putting cleek that is not too straight in the face. I remember that on the old greens at Coldham Common, Cambridge, which were the most muddy and pernicious in the world, the only hope was to play a kind of pitching putt with a much lofted cleek. It was, however, as much as one's life was worth to say so, for Mr. W. T. Linskill, with terrifying protestations, would bring out his wooden putter and bang the ball in from all quarters. He was, however, the exception that proved the rule. There are no such greens now as were the Coldham ones, and by the irony of fate I was a much better putter upon them than I have ever been on the beautiful lawns of to-day. Or, perhaps, it was that other people were never such bad putters anywhere else.

The advantage of taking a comparatively lofted club to a ball "lying close" is not merely that of being actually able to get it into the air. The removal of anxiety on that score gives us confidence and makes us swing more easily and truly. When we are not sure whether or not we can lift the ball we are apt to try to do so with our bodies. Apart from the fact that there is no surer way of keeping it on the ground, the whole swing goes awry and we may develop all sorts of hideous diseases. It is wonderful what a difference a little loft on the face of his wooden club will make to a beginner. A touch of the file and he hits out far more freely and confidently. In this respect, when the ground grows soft, we had better treat ourselves as beginners.

I have been talking, perhaps, rather dejectedly about winter golf. Let us now take a cheerful view. The soft winter putting green ought to flatter our approaching powers. The causing the ball to sit down "like a poached egg" is no longer a feat of any great skill. Once get it into the air there is no need for the arts of back spin; the ball will sit down of its own accord. This really ought to make things easier for us if—and it is a big if—we harden our hearts and determine to be up.

In an interesting article on this point the other day Mr. Hilton told how, in a winter round at Mid-Surrey, he had noted how many times Taylor was past the hole with his approach shot. Only once in the eighteen holes had he been short, and that one time was at the seventeenth hole, where the green is sloping and to be past the hole means a nasty downhill putt. That is a remarkable record. How remarkable you will only discover when you analyse the last round you yourself played. The result will probably cover you with shame and confusion as it did me. For to be past the hole is one of those good resolutions that we make in our bath or in bed or on New Year's Eve, or at any time when we are not playing. When we come to the links we forget all about it and think of some nonsensical "tip" about our left elbow.

The good effect of being up does not end with the surprising and delightful fact that we find ourselves putting for threes. To be up is much more than the act of hitting the ball past the hole. It is a state of mind and the very best possible one for winning a match or doing a good medal round. It implies that on one happy day at least we feel like men and golfers worthy of the name.

THE RACING SEASON OF 1920

ITS FEATURES AMONG MEN AND HORSES DISCUSSED

THE idea that one flat racing season is very like another is quite exploded after the experiences of 1920. Here we have arrived at the end of the long journey, all crowded to excess with incident, and, looking back, it is quite impossible to think that it has been like any other. When a start was made at Lincoln towards the end of last March there was every reason to suppose that there would be no rupture in the long programme of fixtures such as had been experienced every year since 1914. The war was well over and apparently we were back to the normal, but just as the railway strike caused a brief suspension of racing in 1918, so the miners, by their strike, caused racing to be stopped for nearly three weeks. Among important races sacrificed were the Cambridgeshire, the Dewhurst Plate (for which it was said Mr. James White's Granelly had been tried a certainty), and the Free Handicap (which was to have reintroduced us, after a long interval, to the unbeaten two year old Leighton).

I have suggested that the 1920 season has been appreciably different from any that have gone before. Let me explain. In the first place there have been many more thousands attending race meetings, and there is not the slightest doubt that far more people throughout the country have developed an interest in horse-racing. There was no parallel to the scene at Epsom, Doncaster, York and other popular centres, while Ascot was never so crowded nor, perhaps, so brilliant. Then the increased public interest is reflected by the increase in betting. It was to be noted on the racecourses, but especially at those offices at which betting is conducted at starting prices. The fact sets one thinking—not on the evils of betting, for I naturally do not believe they exist in racing any more than they do on the Stock Exchange or in the insurance market so long as participants do not indulge to excess. It sets one thinking as to why the State does not realise what a tremendous volume of betting is being done from year's end to year's end, and why the vast turnover is not taxed for the benefit of the State as well as for the improvement of racecourses and the augmentation of prizes for breeders and owners. That, however, is a subject far too large to be dealt with in a review of the season, but it obviously arises as a reflection on that big increase in betting which has been a feature of the months under review. What a chance for the Jockey Club to place the State under an obligation to racing and to assist Turf affairs in a moral sense by pressing for legal sanction to the introduction of the pari-mutuel system of betting on our racecourses! Five-sixths of the owners and trainers, and all breeders, want the pari-mutuel, not necessarily as a means of banishing bookmakers, but rather as a means of profiting from what at present goes absolutely untaxed in any form whatever.

One more feature of 1920 was entirely new. I refer to the revolt of owners against the high entrance fees and forfeits and low stakes which racecourse executives continued to impose, although the cost of keeping horses in training and the actual values of them had appreciated enormously. The revolt, indeed, became so insistent that the Jockey Club were moved to action and a Special Committee of their own reported in favour of some drastic reforms, including the introduction of sweepstakes, entrance fees on a 1 per cent. basis, the abolition of stake-holders and weighing fees. Messrs. Pratt and Co., managers of Gatwick, Lewes, Folkestone and Alexandra Park, made advances in the direction required, and in every way made an honest attempt to establish more equitable terms. The Jockey Club set an example, and though places like Doncaster and Chester, which draw immense sums from racing for the relief of local rates, have been tardy in the extreme, the fact remains that some little progress has been made. For 1922 the Jockey Club have added 2,000 guineas and 1,000 guineas respectively to the sums subscribed by owners in respect of the Two Thousand Guineas

and One Thousand Guineas. The Epsom Executive have added £3,000 to the Derby and £2,000 to the Oaks. Doncaster has added £4,000 to the St. Leger, and though the guarantees as to values—thus the Derby has hitherto been guaranteed at £6,500—have been withdrawn, the substitution of added money should bring up the gross value to a bigger total in 1922 than it has been in the past. I hear it suggested, unless the "boom" attendances continue at our racecourses, that executives will find it difficult to carry out the wishes of the Jockey Club. My only comment is that it is still another strong recommendation in favour of the pari-mutuel. A percentage from the gross turnover would promptly swell the size of stakes as is demonstrated with the greatest of ease in France, Australia, South Africa, etc.

Now as to the racing, and it will apply to the principal events of the year if I touch first on the three year olds. Let me say at once, therefore, that they have been a disappointment. On the whole they have not been able to hold their own with older horses on weight for age terms, while as regards classic races, what horse is there of outstanding merit? Even those placed in the highest category insisted on beating each other. Take the case of the Derby winner, Spion Kop. It is a fact that his trainer preferred his other candidate, Sir James Buchanan's Sarchedon, who, however, has actually gone through his three year old career without winning a race. That was an astonishing thing of itself. We saw Spion Kop win an unsatisfactory Derby on what is one of the worst courses in the world. Races for the Derby will continue to be fluky affairs after what has been seen there during the last ten years and excluding the war years. Archaic, second to Spion Kop, was hopelessly "done in" through being jarred for months from his helter-skelter race on brick-hard ground. Orpheus, third, could not stay a mile and a half, though when that belated discovery was made he showed himself a good horse over a mile and a quarter. Tetratema, the favourite, cannot really get a mile, though his brilliant speed enabled him to last home for the Two Thousand Guineas. Among others that ran in the Derby, Daylight Patrol and Kerasos became roarers; Polumetis was killed at Ascot; He Goes won the Irish Derby; Silvern was nothing like at his best then; Allenby broke down, and others had no possible pretensions in a Derby field.

No horse, one recalls, won more than one classic race as was the case with Pommern, Gay Crusader and Gainsborough, when, in the years of war, they each won the Two Thousand Guineas and the substituted classic races at Newmarket. Tetratema won the Two Thousand and was beaten in the



W. A. Rouch.

CINNA.

Who has the distinction of being the horse to win most money.

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Derby; Spion Kop was a dismal failure at Doncaster; and the One Thousand winner, Cinna, could not win again when asked to do so for the Oaks. To Cinna belongs the distinction of being the horse to win most money. Her only two wins—the One Thousand Guineas and Coronation Stakes at Ascot—brought in £8,529 to her owner, Sir Robert Jardine, and the fact largely helped to place him at the head of the winning owners' list. It is the two year old Monarch, winner among five races of the Middle Park Plate, that comes second with £8,172; and then in succession come Tetratema (Two Thousand Guineas), £8,045; Caligula (St. Leger), £7,941; Tangiers (Ascot Gold Cup on the disqualification of Buchan), £7,512; Spion Kop (Derby), £6,870; and Buchan (Doncaster Cup and Eclipse Stakes), £6,214. I should say the unluckiest horse of the season was Buchan. He has now retired to the stud and is assured of much support from breeders.

On the whole, backers have not done well in their attempts to find the winners of the big races, especially the handicaps. Both Spion Kop and Caligula started at 100 to 6, and the winners of the Lincolnshire Handicap (Furious) and Derby Cup (Kerasos) each started at 33 to 1, but very well supported horses won the Royal Hunt Cup (Square Measure), Liverpool Autumn Cup (Square Measure) and Cesarewitch (Bracket). You expect consistency to be more marked when dealing with the high-class two year olds, and evidence is not lacking of the fact in 1920. Thus Monarch was only twice beaten in his seven races, and he was asked some fairly stiff questions. Alan Breck, the winner of the New Stakes at Ascot, beat him at Newmarket, while at Ascot he was beaten by Milesius and Thunderer for the Coventry Stakes. His chief success, of course, was the Middle Park Plate, for which Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist was second and Lord Londonderry's Polemarch was third. Monarch is to-day nominally favourite for next year's Derby, though Humorist presses him close in an open market. Certain it is that there is no pronounced favourite this time as there was twelve months ago when Tetratema dominated the position and was only pressed by Prince Galahad. One that struck me as a colt of immense possibilities was Polemarch, the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes. I shall watch his progress with very great interest.

Among unbeaten two year olds are Leighton and Pharmacie. Both may have had their lines cast in easy places. Pharmacie, a delightful daughter of Charles O'Malley, was out eight times and won every time. Her victories were scored for the most part in runaway fashion until she came to carry top weight in a valuable Nursery Handicap at Kempton Park, and then she won cleverly by a head only. Mr. White, who owns Pharmacie, has an unbeaten colt in Granelly, by Orby, though his only outing was when he won a Maiden Plate in November. On the strength of that and the promise he shows he has actually been backed by his owner to win quite a lot of money for the Derby. Lemonora, Humorist, Thunderer, Milesius, Polemarch, Alan Breck and Love in Idleness are notable two year old winners of the season. Lemonora defeated Humorist for the Champagne Stakes, though the running was completely reversed in the Middle Park Plate. I prefer the prospects of Humorist, a son of Polymelus from the Oaks winner, Jest, and bred by his owner, Mr. J. B. Joel. Milesius, a grey son of Roi Herode, and Alan Breck, by Sunstar, were the chief two year old winners at Ascot, though neither did brilliant things subsequently. Mr. Joseph Watson, who, in 1919, bought freely of Sledmere-bred yearlings, did extraordinarily well with Lemonora and Love in Idleness, the latter a filly by Bachelor's Double, that won four of her five races. But when all is said and done it is a fact that no two year old, as in the case of the three year olds, stood forth as a champion, and there is confirmation in the willingness of book-makers at the present time to lay 8 to 1 on the field for the Derby. Generally the winter favourite for the Derby stands at 4 to 1.

I turn to the sires, and in that connection must note once again how Mr. S. B. Joel's great horse, Polymelus, stands as champion, separated from the next, Sunstar, by the big margin of nearly £10,000. Polymelus' chief winner has been Cinna, and Silvern and Humorist are also by him. Sunstar would, I am sure, have been a far more serious rival but for the bad luck experienced by his two high-class four year olds, Buchan and Galloper Light. The former, as already noted, was deprived of the Cup, which meant a loss of £3,540, and then for the second year in succession he was prevented from taking the



BUCHAN.
The unluckiest horse of the season.



W. A. Rouch.

MONARCH.
The present favourite for next year's Derby.

Copyright.

Jockey Club Stakes. Now that we have come to the end of the season I find that the position is as follows:

	No. of Wnrs.	Races Won.	Total
Polymelus, by Cyllene—Maid Marian	24	43	£39,369
Sunstar, by Sundridge—Doris	25	41	28,925
The Tetrarch, by Roi Herode—Vahren	14	21	23,963
Tracery, by Rock Sand—Topiary	12	34	19,623
Charles O'Malley, by Desmond—Goody Two Shoes ..	15	26	16,863
Bachelor's Double, by Tredennis—Lady Bawn ..	26	42	16,814

Those are the first six in the table. The Tetrarch owes much to Tetratema and Caligula; Tracery to Monarch; Charles O'Malley to the Oaks winner, Charlebelle and Pharmacie; and Bachelor's Double to Love in Idleness. During the year Tracery was sold to the Argentine for £53,000, and the old St. Leger

winner is now in that country. Corcyra, who looked like doing big things at the stud, died at Lord Londonderry's stud, a big loss alike to his owner and breeders generally. The stock of Orby and Bayardo (both dead) did well, Orpheus and Diadem being by Orby.
PHILIPPOS.

SKI-ING FOR CHILDREN

BY ARNOLD LUNN. ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CADBY.

WHEN a small boy of seven or eight performs a dashing telemark on the practice slope, few spectators will be able to resist the trite comment that "of course at that age children do not mind falling," and an illustration of the said infant in the Press is almost invariably labelled "the right age to begin." If, however, you assume that your own small boy will take to ski-ing (or skating) as naturally as a duck to water, and that all that is required on your part is to present him with a pair of ski or skates, you are liable to be disappointed. As a matter of fact, children are usually more nervous in the preliminary stages of a new sport, though once they have mastered their preliminary nervousness they soon acquire a confidence unknown to middle age. Most small boys bitterly resent the first attempt to teach them to swim, and most children exhibit

a very human nervousness when they are first put on ski or on skates. If tact is shown, this nervousness soon gives way to confidence, but tact is called for in the early stages.

Left to their own devices most children would never look at a pair of ski or skates if a toboggan was obtainable. Tobogganing is an easy and obvious method of getting downhill. It is extremely difficult to fall off a solid Swiss "luge," and extremely difficult for the beginner not to fall during his first attempts at ski-ing or skating. Tobogganing requires no special skill—at least, not the type of tobogganing practised by children. You sit on the thing and down you go, and that's all there is to it. Moreover, children will receive the moral support of most English nurses in this preference for the simple, homely toboggan, for the average English nurse cannot ski and will regard the ski you purchase or hire for her with dark



HOMEWARD BOUND.

Note the method of carrying ski. The stick takes some of the weight off the shoulder.



STARTING A STEMMING TURN.

This turn enables a ski-runner to control his direction and speed.



THE END OF A STEMMING TURN.



A WELCOME DIVERSION.

suspicion as an outlandish contrivance. I know this from experience.

If your holiday is short it is perhaps best to let your children and your Nannies have their way, but if you are spending several weeks in the Alps and intend to return every winter, it is culpable negligence to indulge your child's whims. He will be the first to blame you if he misses the chance of becoming an expert ski-runner at an early age, and of acquiring just that extra touch of confidence and security which marks off the man who has learned as a child from the man who has learned as an adult. Tact will be needed, for your child's suspicions will be roused when you try to entice him from his beloved toboggan. He will be tempted to regard ski-ing as one of those tiresome fads of his elders which interrupt the joy of life. It is best, if possible, to find some other children who can ski so as to convince your own child that ski-ing is not simply an eccentricity of middle age. Here the little Swiss children score. They take to ski-ing easily because tobogganing for them has none of that exciting novelty which it possesses for the English child. They go to school on a toboggan, enough in itself to rob the "luge" of romance. They bring home the milk on the toboggan; they bring down the wood from the forests and the hay from the Alps on toboggans. In brief, the toboggan is associated in their minds with hard work, and the ski is associated with pleasure.

Assuming that you are determined to give your own child every chance of becoming an expert, the first essential is to secure good teaching. The average English nurse is worse than useless, and it is best to persuade some village girl to give your child a few lessons. But be careful to secure somebody who can ski really well in the free Norwegian stickless style. This is important, for a bad, clumsy style is easily acquired and is extremely difficult to get rid of. I chose my small boy's second nurse mainly because she had won the open event for women ski-runners in her native valley. Her telemarks were excellent. When she left us I had some difficulty in securing a successor, for it is curious how casual people are about nurses. They will recommend nurses whose ski-ing style would make an angel weep. I was much helped by an excellent Bernese parson (my wife was in England), but even he would persist in remarking, "Yes, I understand about the telemarks, but you will wish to know about her character, is it not so?" And the average registry office is worse than useless if you attempt to secure any really reliable information as to a potential nurse's ski-ing style.

It is a mistake, even with the best teaching, to expect too much in the first season. My own small boy could not do a decent turn till the middle of his second season. He began to ski when he was one year and eleven months old, and he was



THE KICK TURN.



TACT WILL BE NEEDED.

really rather lazy.³ He was taught the "kick turn"—see the fifth picture—a very easy manoeuvre, but even this elementary movement bothered him. He used to stand in the middle of a slope and pester other ski-runners with the plaintive request, "Turn I round," whereas, of course, it is a point of honour among ski-runners to "turn I round" without assistance. The ski-er in the illustrations is just five years old.

Equipment.—This is important. Do not buy your small boy a toy pair of ski just for the fun of photographing him on ski. Such photographs will produce the usual crop of "How sweet!" from his female relatives, but they will not make a ski-runner of him. See that the bindings are really good bindings, not the kind of strap which would do very well as a pair of reins for a toy horse. The toe irons should be made of iron, not leather, and the proper Huitfeld binding with Ellefsen clamp should be used. He will find ski-ing difficult enough without handicapping him with ski that fall off every few minutes. The ski should not be too long. Long ski are very nice for fast running in soft snow, but your child's earliest experiments will be on the beaten practice ground and he will not want to run very fast or very straight. Short ski which he can control and on which he can learn his turns will serve his purpose much better. They should not be more than 6ins. longer than the child himself. As to sticks, if he can pick himself up without sticks, he had better not carry them; but if he finds this difficult, give him two sticks, and never allow him to put both his sticks together or to drop one stick and use the other as a brake, otherwise his style will be ruined from the first. The sticks should not have sharp points, but blunt wooden ends. Cut off the looped straps at the top, otherwise he will put his hands through them when running down and very likely break a wrist. For clothes choose some good waterproof material which must be *really* smooth, or snow will accumulate. Trousers are better than knickers. Puttees are bad both for children and adults, as they restrict circulation. Small anklets are excellent; worn round the ankle, they should prevent snow working into the boots. The boots should be good ski-ing boots and thoroughly roomy.

First Steps.—Let your pupil shuffle about on the level for a few days and learn the kick turn, etc., before trying to go downhill. Then find some well beaten practice ground where the snow is fast. It is much easier to run at ten miles an hour down a gradual slope of fast snow than at ten miles an hour down a steep slope of soft, slow snow. It is the gradient more than the speed which is terrifying. Find the fastest snow that you can get and the gentlest angle on which your child's ski will slide and then start him off. In a few days' time you can begin to teach him the stemming turn (Figs. 2 and 3), from which he will soon develop a slow stop turn, more or less like a Christiania. The telemark should be postponed till these two hard snow turns are really mastered.

As soon as possible send him over the smallest jump you can find or improvise. Nothing will give him more confidence than small jumps.

For the rest there is no real difference in the methods of teaching an adult or a child. Ski-ing differs from many sports in that it really can be taught. Anybody with average nerve and average balance can become a good runner if he is properly taught, for ski-ing movements depend less on knack and subconscious adjustment of balance than on common-sense and on the conscious determination to do what your teacher tells you. For the method of setting about mastering the ski-ing turns or of teaching them to your own children, I may perhaps be allowed to refer the reader to Caulfeild's "How to Ski," or to my own "Cross Country Ski-ing."

ENGLISH SILVER at SOUTH KENSINGTON

THE very general interest in old English silver which has grown up in the last twenty years is ample justification for the production of the catalogue of the Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum which has just appeared.* With an historical sketch of the subject forming the introduction, detailed descriptions of some two hundred and thirty pieces of work in the national collection, a short bibliography to guide the steps of anyone wishing to pursue the matter further, and sixty-five plates in illustration, it affords just such a view of the subject as anyone interested might be supposed to desire. Its primary purpose is, of course, to serve the needs of visitors to the Museum. But the truth is that photographic reproduction has now achieved such success in representing form and surface, detail and effect, that with such a catalogue as this anyone may in fact study the collection in his own armchair. But for the cost of production, indeed, the ideal catalogue might dispense with descriptions and consist of a complete set of illustrations, with no more than the barest particulars of date, dimensions and origin of the various pieces.

By merely turning over the illustrations in this catalogue it is possible to gain a definite impression of the course of a great English craft over a period of four centuries. The Gothic sense of form is seen in the beautiful bowl of late fourteenth century date from Studley Royal, which fitsly serves as frontispiece, and in two fine mazers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The sixteenth century brings before us the mounted jugs of Rhenish stoneware and Chinese porcelain, salts and cups decorated with a strange profusion of masks, fruit and strapwork, full of the fantastic invention of the Elizabethan era. James I's reign shows a simplifying of detail until, under Charles I and the Commonwealth, simplicity becomes really rather dull. The Restoration marks a burst of exuberance in floral *repoussé* work, seen in the set of vases from the Ashburnham collection and the Calverley toilet service; while with this florid style two steady under-currents are running, one carrying on the tradition of plain form, the other introducing a new fashion of chased *chinoiserie* decoration. The period of William III, concluding the century, stands for a handsome but somewhat heavy style, followed under Anne and George I by a delightful quality of fitness for use—surely nothing can be more satisfying to hand and eye than these well proportioned round and octagonal shapes whose plain surfaces are set off only by moulded borders or by bits of fine engraving. Nevertheless, the decree of fashion must be obeyed, and before the middle of the eighteenth century a florid decoration appears, developing into the outburst of rococo seen in the Newdegate centrepiece of 1743, a triumph of technique (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE for Nov. 15th, 1919). Another thirty years and the whole theory of design is overturned by the worship of the antique. Coffee-pots, tea-urns, sauce-boats and sugar-basins must now be made to simulate the forms of antique vases, based on the models then being unearthed by the excavators of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Very charming are many of the results, even though a trifle artificial, and nothing but regret can be felt at the decay of the fashion. The quasi-Grecian style of the brothers Adam and the other architects and decorative designers of their day was the product of a real refinement of taste, and the pompous Roman manner of the early nineteenth century is poor compensation for its loss. Here the story of the pictures ends, for indeed the work of the fourth George and William which follows is melancholy stuff, and closes for good and all the historic sequence of styles in English silver. Thereafter there is nothing but imitation, or attempt without achievement in design.

Anyone familiar with the study of English silver who examines the national collection by the aid of this catalogue will assuredly be struck as much by what it lacks as by what it includes. It is true there are some very notable pieces. The Studley bowl is unique, and the Mostyn salt is one of the finest pieces of Elizabethan plate in the country. But the collection is not really representative, and the funds which would be required to make it so do not exist. The plain fact is that only one phase is adequately shown in the Museum, and that the most familiar, the classic style of the second half of the eighteenth century, and it is characteristic of the state of affairs that this is the result of a windfall in the form of an intestate estate.

It is true that a recent gift from Mr. Harvey Hadden—to whom the nation also owes the Studley bowl and the Ashburnham garniture—has to some extent supplied the lack of examples of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. But as a whole the collection is sadly incomplete. Especially in the earlier periods stretching from Henry VII to the Commonwealth, the deficiencies are really deplorable in a collection which stands as the public representation of one of the greatest of the old English



1.—THE STUDLEY BOWL. Silver-gilt, chased and engraved with a black-letter alphabet, the letters springing from wreaths of foliage. Late fourteenth century. Height, 5.6ins. From Studley Royal Church, near Ripon. Presented by Mr. Harvey Hadden.



2.—THE MOSTYN SALT. A silver-gilt standing salt of great magnificence, elaborately chased and *repoussé* with strapwork, masks, fruit, etc. London hall-mark for 1586-87. Height, 16.2ins. Probably from Mostyn Hall, Flintshire.



3.—THE ASHBURNHAM GARNITURE. A set of three vases for the decoration of a cupboard or chimney-piece, in silver-gilt, boldly chased and *repoussé* with fruit and foliage. An excellent example of the sumptuous manner of Charles II's reign. London hall-mark for 1675-76. Height, 14.2ins. and 13.4ins. From the Ashburnham Collection. Presented by Mr. Harvey Hadden.

handicrafts. One after another of the leading types of work in silver is absent. The font-shaped cup of the early years of the sixteenth century, a noble effort of the expiring Gothic and the most characteristic shape of the period, is not here. Nor is the tapering tankard, nor the bellied flagon of Elizabethan days. It is hardly credible that there is no example of a steeple-cup, the most familiar type of James I's

reign, and one of which numbers exist in private possession, nor of the slender wine cup of the same period, which one of the City Companies possesses almost by the dozen. Nor is there one of the rosewater ewers and dishes, the most magnificent pieces of English domestic plate of the sixteenth century—the finest example in the country was for sale only a few months ago.



4.—OVAL TOILET-BOX. In plain silver, chased with *chinoiserie* subjects in a delightfully free style. London hall-mark for 1683-84. Length, 8.4ins.



5.—TWO-HANDLED CUP. A piece of admirable simplicity, set off by a finely engraved cartouche with the arms of Owen impaling Craven (?). Made by Richard Bayley. London hall-mark for 1719-20. Height, 10.3ins.



6.—CHOCOLATE-POT. Oviform body standing on three satyr's hooves. A graceful example of the Adam style. Made by H. Greenway. London hall-mark 1777-78. Height, 12.8ins.

And so the list might be extended, and the fact has to be faced that English art in silver is not worthily represented in the national collection. All of the material exists in private possession—a great collection at present on loan in the Museum includes excellent examples of nearly all the blanks we have noted. It is hopeless at the present time to look for grants of public money; it is public spirit and the desire for the artistic honour of England that must be invoked to remove from us the reproach of neglecting

the arts of our forefathers. Would it not be a worthy subject for the munificence of one of the wealthiest of the City Companies, founded to uphold the honour of the ancient craft of workers in gold and silver, to build up in the Museum a group of examples to make good the deficiencies in question?

* Victoria and Albert Museum. Department of Metalwork, *Catalogue of English Silversmiths' Work (with Scottish and Irish), Civil and Domestic*. Introduction by W. W. Watts, F.S.A. (Price 4s.)

SPANISH ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

IT was a happy idea to show in one of the great galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington a varied collection of examples of Spanish handicraft as a supplementary exhibition to the splendid display of Spanish pictures at Burlington House: for the art of a nation embraces the skill of the craftsman no less than the cunning of the painter. The exhibits at South Kensington, gathered together out of the Museum collection, serve to remind us that if Spain had great writers like Cervantes and great painters like Velasquez in her Golden Age, she had great craftsmen too, though fully to appreciate the attainments of these it is necessary to see the work *in situ*—to see, for instance, in the Spanish cathedrals, those magnificent *rejas* which are unequalled by any of their kind elsewhere.

If there is one thing more than another which is outstanding in the exhibition it is the impress of the Church on the craft-work—much of it, indeed, having been wrought expressly as ecclesiastical embellishment or in connection with the ritual of the Church. In all there is a love of extreme richness, and in most examples there is, too, an intermingling of Gothic and Moorish elements which makes them characteristically Spanish.

The collection is a varied one, comprising such divers objects as glazed tiles, pottery, cabinets and chairs, vestments, ecclesiastical metalwork, a large altarpiece, armourer's work, glass ware, illuminated writing, bookbinding, recumbent effigies, ivory and wood statuettes and jewellery.

Earliest in point of date are two oil jars of Hispano-Moorish workmanship, in conjunction with which must be noted some decorative tiles and some enamelled earthenware painted in colours and metallic lustre—mostly of the first half of the fifteenth century; among this earthenware being a wonderful large bowl and cover. Of the sculptural work, perhaps the most striking exhibits are the marble effigies of a knight of the late fifteenth century, Don Rodrigo de Cardenas, and his wife, Dona Teresa de Chacon—both dignified and reposeful, and free from any striving after effect. Belonging to a little later date, the first half of the sixteenth century, is a painted and gilded wood effigy of a lady, and in another case is a painted wood head and bust of "La Virgen de los Dolores," a work of the seventeenth century, very masterfully

in the feeling of grief which it conveys. Among a number of statuettes are two most beautiful ivory figures of Erasmus and of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, while in another case a painted wood statuette of St. Francis is arresting by reason of its fine simplicity. Impressive as these works of sculpture are, however, there is nothing in the collection that is so interesting as the metalwork. Here is seen the art and craft of the silversmith, the locksmith and the armourer. Among the works of the first-named are some Gothic chalices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These are superb alike in design and execution, their grace of line and delicacy of craftsmanship being such that one sees fresh beauty in them continually. They bear, too, an architectural significance, inasmuch as they reflect the restraint and purity of the Gothic, in contrast to the redundant and riotous ornament of the Plateresque style that followed. The ecclesiastical metalwork includes also some fine monstrances, reliquaries and processional crosses, a wonderful crown for a figure of the Virgin Mary, and some pieces of Spanish jewellery of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, among them being some splendid pendants from the Treasury of the Virgin of the Pillar at Saragossa.

The smith's work is represented chiefly by lock plates and other door furniture dating from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, displaying the highest development, when pierced, chiselled and engraved work took the place of hammered work; and there are one or two fragments, such as the wrought ironwork of a pulpit, to recall the mighty achievements in the *rejas*, already alluded to. The armourer shows us his art in rapier and pistol, the former with its far-famed Toledo blade and cunningly fashioned cup hilt, the latter displaying in one example the sculptor's art as applied to fire-arms, in the form of a flint lock with the story of Venus and Adonis wrought upon it in steel and gilt.

The woodwork exhibited consists of a few pieces only, the most noteworthy being two inlaid walnut cabinets of the early seventeenth century. But much more notable is the rich workmanship in silver thread and coloured silk on the chasubles, dalmatics, copes and other vestments—these being among the finest things in the collection.

R. R. P.

LADY RIDDELL'S COLLECTION OF IRISH GLASS



PAIR OF CORK URNS, CUT SHARP DIAMONDS, ABOUT 10 INCHES HIGH.
Circa 1798. Lights with two S-shaped candlebranches and finely faceted almond drops.

BOTH Irish and English glass of the last years of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries have interesting features and individual beauties and were exported in large quantities to Europe and the United States. The history of the Irish glass-houses—apart from the records of earlier establishments about whose output little is definitely known—begins vigorously soon after the year 1780, when the restrictions on the glass export trade from that country were removed; and soon after that date, as we may read in "Observations on the Manufactures, Trade and Present State of Ireland," nine glass-houses suddenly arose and prospered, selling the best drinking glasses 3s. or 4s. a dozen cheaper than the English wares. Soon after 1825, however, the new manufactures began to decline, owing to the heavy pressure of the Excise regulations, and one by one closed down about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The English faceted ware, which is described by a French writer as "l'article Anglais, soude et confortable, mais sans élégance," had an immense vogue abroad in the last years of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; and to judge by the list of Irish exports taken from the Custom House books in the National Library of Ireland, glass was sent after 1780

to Portugal, Spain, the West Indies, Barbadoes, New England, France and Newfoundland, among other countries, in increasing quantities. In 1802 Cork exported the huge total of 19,640 drinking glasses to Jamaica alone. After 1812, however, the export of drinking glasses declined. This large export trade, which was more lucrative than the home trade, and the fact that English glass was freely used in Ireland make the attribution of an Irish origin to pieces found in Irish houses very problematical. It is possible, as Mr. Westrop suggests, that in North America and the West Indies might be found more Irish glass at the present day than even in Ireland itself.

The history of Irish glass owes a considerable debt to Mr. Dudley Westrop, who in his "Irish Glass" (to which work the author is much indebted) has dispersed many legends and set the study of the subject on firm basis. He lays stress on the fact that the majority of glass-houses erected were set up by Englishmen, who were careful to advertise that their wares followed the London fashions. There is no evidence of a national idiosyncrasy, as is noticeable in the work of Irish silver-smiths, and this is natural when the materials and many of the operatives were imported. Benjamin Edwards advertises in 1781 that his factory is equal to any in England, and



A SET OF WATERFORD PRESERVE JARS OF UNUSUAL SHAPE AND EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY.
Circa 1785.

that he has brought over from England a glass-cutter who is constantly employed; while Hayes, Burnett and Rowe, before setting up their glass-house in Cork, sent "a proper person to England to take plans of all the most complete and extensive works of that kind carried on there."

Except for a few patterns (dating from 1820-30) in use at Waterford, Mr. Westrop points out that there is little to go upon to distinguish one Irish glass-house from another. As to the metal, he has dissipated the legend that has constantly made its appearance since 1897, that Waterford glass is distinguished by a more or less faint blue tinge. Several marked pieces from the Waterford factory are of good clear metal, which was the aim of the manufacturers; and the Waterford glass, which ranked, as we know, in 1813 above any other factory in Ireland, is unlikely to have permitted what would have been considered a flaw. A large Waterford centrepiece of mid-Victorian design exhibited at the 1851 Exhibition was of pure white glass. The evidence certainly points to the Waterford output being whiter than that of any other of the old Irish glass-houses. The Waterford factory set up in 1783 by two English merchants, George and William Penrose, employed, three years later, from fifty to seventy operatives, who had mostly been brought from England, and had cost nearly £10,000 to establish. In 1790 visitors to the factory were "highly delighted with the elegance of the various articles in the warehouse, and complimented the proprietors on bringing the manufacture to such perfection." In 1799 the works were bought by Ramsey, Gatchell and Barcroft; in 1811 Jonathan Gatchell became sole proprietor, they changed hands on his death in 1830, and in 1851 were closed down.

Probably of Waterford manufacture are three two-branched lights, between which are seen a pair of moulded candlesticks from the Cork factory. Three Waterford preserve jars with saucers are illustrated, and a large dish standing on a domed foot, and cut with double diamonds and stars. The pickle jars are cut with strawberry diamonds; that is, diamond cutting in which the points are cut flat and then cut in very small diamonds.

A glass-house was set up in Cork, in Hanover Street, in 1782, with the usual complement of able artificers from England, but this factory probably closed down in 1818, when its stock was sold. A second and later glass-house, the Waterloo Glass Works, closed in 1835 owing to the heavy Excise duties, and its owner became a bankrupt, selling by auction his splendid stock

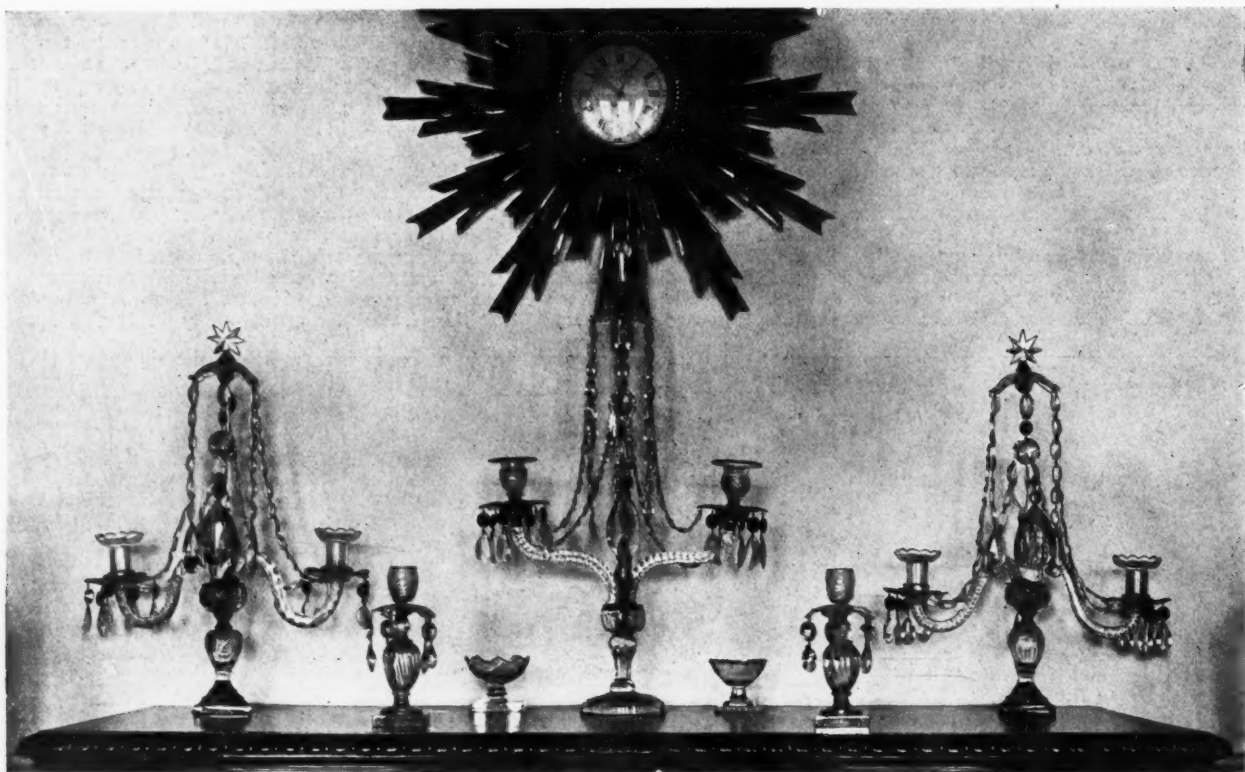


WATERFORD DISH, CUT DOUBLE DIAMONDS AND SHALLOW STARS.
Diameter 22ins. Circa 1790.

of "rich cut decanters, jugs, salad bowls, celery and pickle glasses, dessert plates and dishes, tumblers and wineglasses of every description." A third establishment, set up by two brothers Ronayne, was but little longer-lived. Cork glass of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, according to Mr. Albert Hartshorne, was highly esteemed and was "perhaps the purest crystal produced in Ireland." Mr. Westrop, however, can point to Cork glass of very blue metal, such as an octagonal decanter dating from about 1830.

In the Cork glass-house, candlesticks appear to have been of the moulded type, the enlargement of the lower portion of the stem moulded in a fluted design and standing on a square foot. In the examples (Fig. 4) the nozzle is spirally fluted; from the turn-over disc below hang faceted glassdrops.

Besides table ware, chandeliers and girandoles are mentioned as having been made in Irish factories, though it is said that a large proportion of the cut drops was imported from England. A pair of urns standing on a square foot have the body and a portion of the cover cut with diamonds, which have a brilliant effect. These (Fig. 2) were probably part of a *garniture de cheminée*, standing with lights, such as the fine pair shown on the chimneypiece. All the pieces included in Lady Riddell's collection, from which the illustrations to this article are drawn, are of exceptional merit.



AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF WATERFORD GLASS AND A PAIR OF RARE CORK MOULDED CANDLESTICKS.